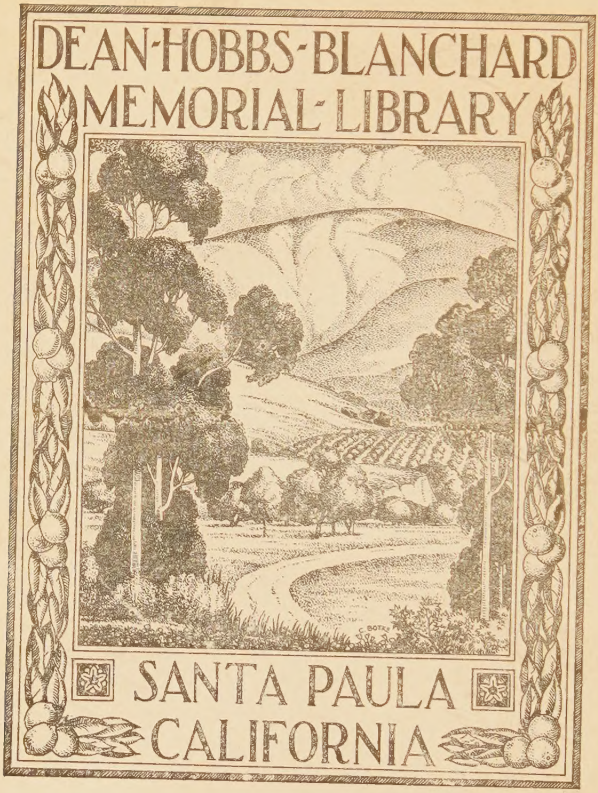
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AND INDEED MAX LOOKED A THOROUGH ARISTOCRAT

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DOG STARS

Three Luminaries in the Dog World

BY

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR

AUTHOR OF "I MYSELF," "LITTLE THANKYOU,"
"MY BELOVED SOUTH," ETC., ETC.

6463

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL RANNELLS

WITHDRAWN

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TO MY FRIEND
FREDERICK NORTON
WHOSE QUICK WIT SUGGESTED
THE HAPPY TITLE OF
THIS BOOK

6463

A WORD FOR DOG STARS

THERE is something intolerably pathetic in those lines of Yeats,

> "When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
> And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
> And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
> Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
> How many loved your beauty with love false or true,
> But one man loved—the pilgrim soul in you."

And there is more than one woman—even a beautiful woman—who has never found the man to love the pilgrim soul in her; and, after passionate protestations and broken vows, old, disillusioned, sad, and deserted, she has regained faith in love and fidelity through the devotion of a—dog.

He does not change when beauty flees, nor when poverty comes, nor when health goes. He gives his heart, his true and single heart to his mistress forever.

She may be old and gray, with furrowed face, but he sees the pilgrim soul in her. He cannot voice his devotion, but his love is never dumb. It goes ever to the sorrowing heart and gives

tender comfort. And it is not possible to overrate the unselfish devotion of a noble dog.

When I went to Edinburgh, my first visit was not to the castle where a beautiful and romantic queen had suffered, but to a bronze fountain, erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to the memory of Greyfriars Bobby, a little Highland terrier, who lived and played and slept upon his master's grave for thirteen years. It is the most beautiful and the most touching record of fidelity in all the world.

And, if the stories of Max Gladstone O'Connor, his life and his friends, and Coaxey, the comedian, seem exaggerated, it is only because dogs are not understood by those who pass them by.

Neither of my illustrious dead attempted anything impossible for an intelligent dog. I talked to them both a great deal—they were constantly with me—and a little trouble and perseverance produces surprising results in developing the quick intelligence of an observant comrade.

A friend in England claims that her bulldog talks. "What," I asked her, "does he say?"

"When, with my husband, he makes a visit, and is bored, he cries out in a terrible voice, 'I want to go home to mother.' "

"You should teach him better manners," I said, and truth compels me to add that when he went to walk with his "mother" and myself, though obviously bored—for he returned home almost immediately—it was without a word.

His pertinent speech, however, pales into insignificance before the brilliant accomplishments of Rolf, the German Wonder Dog, who, looking at pictures, taps with his paw, "A bird with a blue tail," "A fat pig," knows his multiplication table, and converses with German savants.

But why educate dogs? We love them for their indestructible fidelity and abiding trust, not for wit or wisdom. Their days are lamentably short, therefore it has not been difficult to record the true history of these Dog Stars.

May their lives encourage other lonely people to find the happiness which I have found in the companionship of devoted, silent, understanding —Friends.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Beau, a Noble Cur 17

CHAPTER II

Max Gladstone O'Connor, Gentleman 26

CHAPTER III

Max Makes a Reformation 44

CHAPTER IV

Max and Jack the Ripper 61

CHAPTER V

Max Presents Himself at Buckingham Palace . . 80

CHAPTER VI

Max Comforts the Sick, and Meets Punch . . . 96

CHAPTER VII

Max Discovers a Romance 118

CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Labouchere Tells Max a Dog Story 136

CHAPTER IX

PAGE
MAX SELECTS A HAT, AND FINDS A RING 151

CHAPTER X

MAX IN COURT GIVES TESTIMONY 169

CHAPTER XI

MAX CONQUERS JEALOUSY 183

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE 194

CHAPTER XIII

A GAY DOG ARRIVES 207

CHAPTER XIV

COAXEY SAYS HIS PRAYERS AND DANCES THE HIGHLAND FLING 220

CHAPTER XV

COAXEY AS A SPORTSMAN 239

CHAPTER XVI

COAXEY'S VICTORIOUS BATTLE, AND THE LONELY END OF A JOYOUS LIFE 256

ILLUSTRATIONS

And Indeed Max Looked a Thorough Aristocrat . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Occasionally Stooping His Dear Head to Give the Sick Dog a Lick of Encouragement and of Cheer. 70

"Good Dog! A Rat. Bravo. A Rat!" 110

The Poodle was Kept in for the Whole Afternoon . . . 158

Coaxey Had Grown Affectionate and Appealing in His Old Age 228

DOG STARS

DOG STARS

CHAPTER I

BEAU, A NOBLE CUR

In the dear days of my youth I said to an old man of varied experience—he had made a brilliant name as a lawyer; he had amassed a fortune; he had married a celebrated beauty, and as a cabinet minister during President Lincoln's administration he had become immortal in the annals of history—"Now, tell me, while I am young, what makes happiness?" And he said, in quaint, stilted phraseology, "The cultivation of the affections around the domestic hearth. Happiness is not for me—I am alone."

His words aroused instant sympathy and touched me deeply, but youth is often shy and inarticulate. Slipping my hand in his, I could only say, "Why don't you keep a dog?"

When he saw me blushing rosily, he pressed my hand reassuringly and, with a smile, said, "I had never thought of that. Suppose you give me one?"

"I will," I said, and then the intense joy of living at busy sixteen made me forget. And, months later, when I began to look for a fox terrier, I could not find one to my liking. It had been a rainy spring, and the many avenues of trees made beautiful Washington a waving sea of whispering green, and slanting vistas of purple and amethyst, from drooping banners of wistaria. The sky was bluest of the blue, and there was a fresh and saucy wind that thrilled the air with a creative touch, making even the flowers bend and sway toward each other. A longish walk led me through Lafayette Square, and, being rather tired, I sat down under a blossoming chestnut tree, a little distance away from a group of merry, boisterous, little children.

I was too happy to have dreams or visions; it was enough to be alive in such a beautiful, sunbathed, flowery springtime.

I could almost hear the lilies opening their buds, and see the gladioli laugh as the sun kissed their vivid faces. What a gleaming, rapturous, young world it was! I laid my hat on my knee and leaned my head against the body of the tree, and I must have fallen asleep, when something warm and soft, dropping on my hand, awoke me.

Suddenly I shivered, and, looking down, I saw

that it was blood. The warm bright air and the world were not so perfect after all, for, almost fainting beside me, was a poor little yellow-and-white cur, with a heavy, old, jagged tin pail tied to his tail, and a wound in his small, thin shoulder, where a sharp stone had struck him.

Human beings had starved, and beaten, and treated him cruelly, but his fine faith in the good of humanity was indestructible. There he was, a suffering outcast, sore and wounded, but gently licking my hand with his dry, hot tongue, and looking up at me with eyes full of trust and love.

I unfastened the bucket that was lacerating his trembling legs, tore my handkerchief into strips, bound up his shoulder, and a nurse carrying a dimpled baby gave me a drop of milk in a tin cup for him.

He drank thirstily, wagging his poor, lame tail in gratitude. And, after a rest, he could falteringly follow me home.

At first he was timid of everything and everybody. He slept in my room, and during the night he would start crying out in his poor frightened dog dreams, and crouch down in his basket, as if someone stood over him with a whip.

He could not believe that peace and kindness would endure. Sorrow had sharpened his under-

standing, and he seemed always to be saying with his soft, beautiful, honest, yellow eyes: "What can I do to show you how grateful I am?"

He never let me out of his sight, in the house, and when I went out he waited patiently and uncomplainingly on a chair in the hall until my return. He knew when I was going to a dance, and, while the maid fastened my gown, he sat by the door in readiness to descend the stairs with me, and at two or three o'clock in the morning he was alert to ask if it was a good party and if I had many partners. He scarcely ever barked, although he frequently made abortive attempts, opening his mouth; then he remembered that noise was not for him, snapped his fine white teeth together and remained silent.

"He makes me uncomfortable," said my father, "with his sad, accusing eyes. I haven't done anything to him. A dog with a past isn't natural. You know where you are with a rollicking puppy who chews up your shoes. But this poor little animal, unnaturally good and obedient, harrows my feelings. I wish, if you can find him a good home, you'd give him away."

"I've got a plan," I said, "that will make two people happy. Our household is too full of

change and excitement for him. Too many people, too much company, too many cats, another dog that he is not sure of. His nerves have been so nearly shattered that what he wants is a quiet home with a friend from whom he will never be separated."

"I think," said my father, "you have diagnosed his case exactly."

"Beauregard"—but everyday name "Beau"—had been with us four weeks then, and had grown almost plump, and his hair, with constant brushing, was soft and silky. But he was not a beauty—there was no denying his lack of race, nor that he was mongrel. But his clear, speaking, yellow eyes, beautiful and true, redeemed his mixed ancestry.

I wrote my old friend, telling him of my treasure trove, and described Beau's character and the manner of his finding.

"I had," I said, "intended to send you a gay young fox-terrier of unimpeachable descent, bearing with him his certificate of high degree. But he would fringe the ends of your valuable rugs with his sharp teeth, and start you from your books by sudden barks when he saw other dogs in the street. All fox-terriers, no matter how well bred, are gregarious; and occasionally

he might tear your heart-strings by running away. Many of them are adventurous vagabonds, so on the whole, you will be happier and have more satisfaction with Beau. His only blemish is his plebeian descent, otherwise he has all the virtues.

"He is clean and obedient. He knows that silence is golden and practices it. He is intelligent, and realizes his own limitations, never going near a big dog to fight. He is loving: and adversity has made him very patient. He will wait for your affection, and, oh! dear friend, he will win it; and, little dog that he is, he will make you less lonely, and will sometimes remind you of one who loves and offers you comfort through a friend as faithful as herself."

In another year Beau was monarch of all he surveyed. There were no children, or dogs, or cats, to interfere with him. He lived in a very beautiful, quiet house. He was never separated day or night from the gentlest and kindest of masters. He slipped in among a pile of books, and slept on a capacious sofa all the morning. He went for long drives in the afternoon behind a very old soothing pair of horses, and at nine o'clock he accompanied his master to bed, and

rolled himself up on a worn patchwork silk quilt, in a round willow basket.

Developed by happy environment in his mature years he became quite a gay dog, trying to frisk and bark to amuse his master, for he noticed the somber look on my old friend's face, and, when he couldn't lick it away by applying his tongue to the loved, withered hand, he would try to turn a somersault and bark suddenly, always with an eye to note the effect. And invariably his efforts were rewarded, for his master smiled.

One day he fetched back a little paper ball that my friend had thrown, and then, to his joy, when they went out to drive, the steady fat horses, always ready to stop, were reined up opposite a windowful of joy-giving, round objects. And his master went into the shop, and came out with two beautiful balls: a little red one and a white one. That was probably the happiest moment of Beau's life, and he barked spontaneously and loudly. From that moment he was a changed dog, more sure of himself, more possessive of his master. His courage increased, and after a game of ball he even ventured into the street alone, and occasionally made an impudent remark to a dog of his own size. He knew instinctively his master's grave character, and his

importance in the world, and he felt that when he unbent so far as to play a game of ball with him, his position was assured. And, while he never gave himself airs exactly, no longer humble and afraid, he was just a nice little dog, loving to his master and old friends, but saucy and indifferent to those whom he disliked.

He lived to a very great age, and his plebeian blood served him well, for he never became deaf, or blind, or obese. He had absorbed the strength of many races, and his forbears, accustomed to hardships and scant fare, had given him powers of endurance, and made him abstemious. He was never greedy for rich food, so, as the English would say, he had kept his "figger," and his sense both of smell and of hearing.

But, like very old people, he grew weaker as the days went by, and one morning, lying before the fire, he closed his gentle, faithful eyes, and never opened them again.

"In twelve years," his master said that afternoon, "Beau has been my constant companion. He wouldn't go out with any of the servants. I had to take him for walks, and the exercise kept me in health. He cheered my solitude. He did not mind my being old, but loved me the more. Oh, my dear, what am I to do without my little

faithful friend? Either the days of dogs should be lengthened, or the span of man's existence should be more brief."

And sorrowing together we went out into the old garden, and Beau was laid to rest under a beautiful, brave, magnolia tree, which had put forth two very early spring blossoms. I gathered one, and dropped it on the little mound, which now is hidden by a most stately marble monument. For the fine house and old, romantic garden at the death of Beau's master were bought by the Government, and a wing of the splendid Congressional Library rises on the grave of the gentle little dog. His happiest years were spent sleeping among noble books. What more fitting than that he sleep under them forever!

CHAPTER II

MAX GLADSTONE O'CONNOR (GENTLEMAN)

When I am most disapproving and dissatisfied with myself—and to me that state of mind often happens—I try to remember the things which have given me greatest satisfaction, and chief among them is my gift of Beau to his lonely old master.

I know that no household can be really happy without a steadfast friend. One who never gossips, nor betrays secrets, nor makes mischief, nor asks tactless questions, nor exhibits embarrassing curiosity, but with watchful understanding is ever ready to be cheerful, or self-restrained, silent, or boisterous, quiet or active, at the suggestion of the master whom he trusts and loves. All these virtues which are separately found in man can only in combination be found in a dog. Luckily they are continually reproduced in the species, and a tiny bunch of rough hair often possesses greater loyalty than a human being,

good to look at, with a soul to save, but when our friends die, we grieve for them, even as the mistress of Hamish who calls

Little lad, little lad, and who's for an airing,
Who's for the wire and who's for a run;
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun?
Down in the sedges the water rats revel,
Up in the woods there are bunnies at play
With a weather eye wide for a Little Black Devil:
But the Little Black Devil won't come to-day.

To-day at the farm the ducks may slumber,
To-day may the tabbies an anthem raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
To-day untroubled may go their ways:
To-day is an end of the shepherd's labour,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbour,
Says: "What's old Hamish about to-day?"

Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a Little Black Dog despair?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with shadow faces?
And how will he tackle the Strange Beasts there?
Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly, if sore afraid;
Padding it steadily, softly whistling—
That's how the Little Black Devil was made.

Then well-a-day for a "cantie callant,"
A heart of gold and a soul of glee,—
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant,
Teacher, maybe, of you and me.
Spread the turf on him light and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true:
"Here lies Hamish, the Little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress, too."

A girl who from infancy had been blind, at nineteen recovered her sight, and was taken by a lady to see the world. Flowers and trees, and grass, and streams, she had seen in her dreams; but there were delightful mysteries to be named. And, when a bulldog came toward them, the lady asked if she knew what the monster was called, and the girl replied: "No, but he looks as if he could be a faithful friend." And the bulldog gratefully licked her hand.

Years before I went to London all I had ever read of the Thames fascinated me. The deep, enigmatic, placid river, pursuing its quiet way through the greatest city in the world, guarding all secrets, in the darkness of the night taking to its still bosom the desperate and despairing, and giving them cool and perfect sleep, bearing on its broad bosom ships and barges to far away southern ports, from England to India—

> This happier ship her course would run,
> From lands of snow to lands of sun.

The Thames! beloved of poets, painters and writers, of Thackeray and of Dickens. How many of Dickens' books were conceived and peopled, as he made his long, nocturnal walks on the banks of that river of mysteries!

And Whistler understood its myriad varying moods, and strange fantasies. How tenderly he reproduced its intangible, transparent grays, its fair English gold, when the sun of spring was reflected on its broad bosom, or the deep, purple twilight, when the river seemingly absorbed all the richness of the sky.

"You must," he said, when I was looking for a little house, "live on the Thames. It is like a grown-up fairy-book, always full of beautiful color and romance."

A few days after his marriage, when I went with the Labouchères to the White House in Tite street—he had just returned from a winter in Paris—nothing had been unpacked, and tea was served on wooden boxes in quaint blue-and-white china cups without saucers.

Mr. Labouchere, who loved the unusual, drank two cups of tea, helped himself from a square dish to several slices of bread and butter, and highly commended packing-cases as tea-tables.

Whistler, who was in great spirits, roared with laughter, and declared their unsettled condition was due to the charm of the Thames. "The river has changed during the last ten days from minute to minute, and I've done nothing but paint, paint, paint," he said. "It has been glorious—our wed-

ding feast was eaten on the largest box, for the sunset that night was a nocturne in ashes of roses —the most wonderful thing. I painted until nine o'clock."

"And have you," Mr. Labouchere asked, "been to a ham and beef shop?"

"Yes," said Whistler, "we have."

"Ah!" said Mr. Labouchere, "that is where I envy you. When Henrietta was taking a cure in Germany the caretaker of our house deserted me and I went to a ham and beef shop and bought food. Never, never shall I forget the excellence of that meal. I envy the poor."

Whistler lived and died on the Thames. I hope the changing colors made a radiant arch for the passage of that gay spirit when at dawn it winged its way from earth.

I followed his advice and found quite a pretty little new house on the Thames near the beautiful houses of Parliament.

How pathetically anxious I was to have the interior charming, and above all to present an air of culture! For was I not from Texas, and who in London knew aught of the Lone Star State, except that we bounded Mexico on the north?

An Englishman, witty and daring in his con-

versation, one day began a somewhat bold narrative.

"Don't," his wife said, "tell that story. Mrs. O'Connor will be shocked."

"No, she won't," he said. "She's a Mexican."

And the little house on the Embankment, when finished, looked good to my eyes. It was my first home after years of living in other people's houses, and I loved it. There was a dining-room "suite" of T. P.'s impecunious bachelor days, bought on the hire system, which was terribly philistine, but it was comfortable. Men always select comfortable furniture, and they would select comfortable wives, but for lack of judgment.

The narrow dining-room was an Indian red, which softened and mercifully blurred the outlines of the bachelor sideboard and chairs. The drawing-room walls were apricot, a good background for the three landscapes by Inness, which not even necessitous poverty had induced me to part with. And a little valuable furniture, that had begun life in France, sailed to New Orleans, was discovered there by my father, bought and shipped to Texas, and afterward forwarded to me in New York, gave it an air of my beloved South.

Considerable damage had been done in its transport to England, for those were troublous times, and Irish politicians were regarded more suspiciously than our militant suffragists of the present day.

When large, square boxes addressed to an Irish member, arrived from New York, officials, suspecting mischief, cautiously thrust iron spikes through the contents. My pictures by Inness escaped, but a cruel wound gaped in the breast of Donna Isabella Teresa Iturbide, a lovely nun of Mexico. It was restored at considerable expense, the furniture carefully repaired, and finally the little house on the Thames was complete. When I looked out of my window a sunshiny morning the river was like a burnished mirror; or more often a gray sky made it a tarnished silver riband, livened by sails of red and orange, which carried slowly moving boats out to sea.

And when the gulls were hungry their fretful cries woke me in the early dawn, and the air was filled with beautiful, slanting black and silver wings.

T. P. was working on the Parnell movement, and Toodie was going to a day school. I was busy housekeeping. There was always something to be done, for a house is like a friend—it cannot

thrive under neglect. There was but one thing necessary to complete the happiness of the little household—a dog.

I had planned to look about for a Highland terrier, with a decent pedigree, when Fate, in her sweetest mood, brought me Max.

We had tried Toodie, that too fascinating and ingenious young gentleman, with home education, but it had proved a failure. He developed nine o'clock headaches, which disappeared gradually during the day. The teachers indulged him. He made himself most agreeable to them. We let him sit up late in the evenings, allowed him to go with us to the theater, and, not being disciplinarians, we finally saw the absolute necessity of sending him to a public school.

We were daringly poor, and his little outfit and the school fees were about all we could manage.

"We have," I said to T. P., "everything now except his second suit."

"Can't he do without that?" said T. P.

"No," I said, "the regulations call for three suits, two for every day, and an Eton jacket and gray trousers for Sunday."

"All right," said T. P. "I'll take him out this morning and get him a tweed suit."

"Not too light, and not too dark," I said, "but a gay, grave, boyish-looking tweed."

"Won't I," he said, "have to hunt about for that a bit?"

"What if you do? The morning is young, and so are you, and so is Toodie," I said. "Take a little trouble in your selection and reveal genius, which is only a faculty for infinite pains."

"I don't claim," said T. P., "any genius for tweeds."

In those days I was the treasurer, and from my purse I took thirty shillings, and the two boys—one nine, the other thirty-nine—stepped jauntily forth together.

The day wore on and they did not return either for lunch or tea. The long absence made me a trifle anxious, and I wished that my eloquence on the subject of tweeds had been less convincing.

At half past six o'clock, while I was dressing for dinner, the front door opened noisily, a cold blast of air penetrated to my room, and I heard Toodie say:

"I'll bring him some milk; I think he'll like that."

"Warm it a little," said T. P.

"Dear me," I thought, "can it be possible they

have brought a baby back with them?" I fastened my belt, ran down to the dining-room, and there, sitting by the fire, was a noble black-and-tan collie.

"Is he ours?" I asked T. P., with my hand on his silky head.

"Yes," he said. "Isn't he beautiful?"

"Where," I said, "did you find him?"

"At the Dogs' Home," said T. P. "Before we did our shopping we went to the Zoo. The wild animals suggested domestic ones. We thought of a dog. And after lunch we wended our way not too hurriedly to Battersea. It was difficult to make up our minds—at least there were half a dozen dogs that I liked—but Toodie had set his heart on this one. He was the most expensive, so we bought him."

"What did he cost?" I asked.

"Exactly thirty shillings."

"All of the price of the tweed suit!" I said.

"He *is* the tweed suit," said T. P. "Toodie insisted that he would much rather have a dog than clothes—that settled it."

"We can't send a dog to school with him," I said, "and the treasury is empty. Where are the clothes to come from?"

"We'll manage somehow," said T. P. gayly.

"Maybe," said Toodie soberly, "I had better wait a while before I go to school."

"No," I said, "you must go to Old Hall Ware this week."

"And leave my dog?" said Toodie.

"We won't talk about that now; we must think of a name for him. What shall it be?"

"Max," said Toodie. "He's the nicest boy I ever knew. I wish he was here."

"And I'll write to New York, and tell him that we've named a beautiful collie for him. Dear, unselfish, old Max. He will be pleased."

T. P., whose mind those days ran pretty constantly on home rule and Mr. Gladstone, said:

"Max has eyes just like Mr. Gladstone."

Then I said: "We'll call him Max Gladstone O'Connor."

"Max Gladstone O'Connor, Gentleman," corrected Toodie. "The man who sold him to us said if we bought him from a dog fancier who knew all about him he would have had a splendid pedigree. Didn't he, Tomse? Only the very best dogs in the Dogs' Home are thirty shillings."

And indeed Max looked a thorough aristocrat: a silky, black blanket lay across his slender back, his tan legs were well feathered, and his tail was like a long waving plume. How so remarkable

a friend had even been abandoned it was impossible to conjecture. Probably his owners were only stopping temporarily in London and were obliged to leave town at once.

The next day Mr. Parnell, a great dog lover—he asked when he was dying that his retriever, Grouse, might sit where he could see him—made the acquaintance of Max, and pronounced him a collie with probably a Gordon setter ancestor, which would account for his slightly blunt nose and fine width of head between his black, well-marked eyebrows. His eyes, deep brown, thoughtful, kind, intelligent and, above all, reasonable, were unforgetable.

Justin McCarthy said it was a pity that they could not be transplanted into a human head.

He was dumb, but he spoke continually with those true, honest eyes, transmitting his thoughts like wireless telegraphy. He was different from all other dogs. And he had a great personality.

For the first days of his life with us he was dreadfully depressed, and even during a week of mellow sunshine in November, when he and Toodie went for walks along the golden river, he was sedate, and his spirits never rose to a run. Then my dear little son went to school, my spirits went down to zero, and Max rose to the occasion.

I was sitting looking sadly in the fire, and wondering if my life were always to be saddened by separations from those I loved—as, alas! it has been—when Max turned his eyes up to mine with infinite sympathy and understanding and gently laid his paw on my knee.

I gravely shook hands with him. He dropped his paw to my foot, and left it there, knowing that a kindly human touch helps in time of trouble.

After a while he got up and walked to the front door, looked back at me, and barked gently.

"Do you think," I asked him, "that we had better go for a walk?"

He barked cheerfully, saying, "Yes, I do," and waited, while I put on my hat and jacket. Having some errands at the Army and Navy Stores, I walked to the Vauxhall Bridge road tram. When we got in, Max, thinking to amuse me, shook hands with all the passengers. He would seat himself gravely in front of a man, offer his paw, then move on to his neighbor, until he had distributed his attentions equally up one line of seats, and down the other. Then he sighed gratefully that the effort was over, for he did not care for poor, ill-dressed folk. They called too greatly upon his sympathies and

distressed him. He was always polite to them, he was no snob, but he liked well dressed people, and good company, and fine houses, and no peer of the Realm ever observed class distinction more rigidly. He detested going into the kitchen, even for his meals. If I insisted on it he would go, but in his haste to get back upstairs he swallowed his dinner at one gulp, and suffered afterward from indigestion. And he would never, under any circumstances, take a walk with a servant; either he would accompany a member of his family or remain at home.

When we arrived at the Army and Navy Stores, the porter, whose duty it was to care for dogs while their mistresses were shopping, had already a large English mastiff, a restless fox terrier, a Dandy Dinmont, an injured looking, greatly bored pug, and a lilliputian Pomeranian to look after. Each dog had a strap fastened to his collar and the strap was attached to an iron hook near the doorway.

Max followed me up the steps, spoke politely but distantly to the other dogs. Inspected the straps and hooks. Then with a pitying, superior air, he looked at me and said:

"Not if I know it. No forcible detention for me. It may be necessary for these foolish

undisciplined canines to be stayed to reins of leather. But I know enough to wait. Go and do your shopping. Don't hurry. Stay as long as you like. You will find me just where you left me when you come out." And he walked to the other side of the door quite a little distance away from the other dogs, found a sheltered place for himself and sat down.

The dog man looked at him and smiled, "He's a wise one, Madam. Not if you was to stay in the stores all night would he budge. He's got sense an' judgment, he has. You can see it in them eyes of his."

Max gave a polite wag of his tail, which said, "Thank you for your compliment. Seeing so many dogs as you do every day, you must know something about them. Of course I'll wait. It would be supremely silly for me to do anything else."

And, when I came out, an hour later, dogs had come, and had gone. People had passed and repassed, and there Max had remained serene and calm. The dog keeper said he had introduced himself and offered his paw to three people: a very distinguished Colonel in the political service from India, a member of the Cabinet, and a pretty fair young lady.

The next morning I said, "Max, you must learn to follow an omnibus."

In those days we were dependent upon horses, and it was quite possible for him to keep up with a not too energetic vehicle. He was fleet and strong, it was only a question of remembering whether the omnibus was red, or green, yellow, or brown.

That afternoon we made our first experiment, starting from Victoria Station in the midst of a maze of lumbering conveyances. I showed him a blue omnibus, and said: "This is ours; look up, old lad, and see the kind-faced driver, wearing a blue comforter, and a gray overcoat." The fat, good-natured man waved his whip to him.

"First journey, old chap?"

"Yes," I said, "he's a country dog."

"Then," said the driver, "I'll look after him a bit. How far are you going?"

"A good way up Baker Street," I said, "to Cobb's, the tailor."

The horses started, the driver called out, "Steady old chap. Keep to the right."

I looked out of the window whenever Max hesitated between omnibuses; he searched the different windows, saw my face, and steered for the blue omnibus. Only once, at Hyde Park,

when six vehicles crowded abreast, did he have a moment of uncertainty and panic. Then the driver gave a mighty whistle, and called out, "Hi! old chap. Here's your bus. Wheel to the right. That's it. Here we are." Max looked up, and smiled, he had found me again, and together we successfully arrived at the tailor's.

In those days there were genuine tailor gowns. No flops or anxieties about "ligne." Men dressed women according to their taste, in straight, neat, trim, well-sewn, mannish garments. T. P.'s tailor was making me a relentless bodice and skirt of a gray and black gentleman's suiting. As heavy as lead, and as tight as wax. With a dull, red silk waistcoat like a jockey's. I thought it lovely, so did Max.

How strange it is that in those far away feminine days we wanted to, and did dress so like men! High, glossy linen collars like cadets. Boyish round shining sailor hats, stiff shirts with starched cuffs and neat cravats, and even our evening dresses without grace were thick black taffetas looped up here and there with good wearing jet. And yet we fell in love, and fell out of it, and made tragedies and comedies notwithstanding our common-sense clothes.

And never a word about votes for women!

Now when we are so feminine in attire, so diaphanous and graceful, so revealing and seductive, so flowery and picturesque, our minds are bent on justice and freedom. We are going to jail in slit skirts, displaying more than our ankles, and gloriously dying for our principles in low-necked chiffon and cobweb lace. What a queer, inconsequent, sad, glad, thrilling world! And never more absorbingly interesting than at this chaotic moment.

After the fitting of that benighted gown, Max and I went back to Victoria Station without mischance and from that day he could follow—no matter how long the distance—any omnibus in London.

I often went on Saturday afternoons to the Zoölogical Gardens, it must be four miles from the Embankment, and Max always arrived before me and was waiting at the gate.

CHAPTER III

MAX MAKES A REFORMATION

ALTHOUGH Max followed an omnibus with joy when his Missy was in it, he much preferred cabs, and occasionally after begging me to take one, he would jump in alone and wait for me to seat myself beside him.

The driver sometimes lifted the little top window, and, laughing, called down to him:

"I say, sir. Do you carry your fare in your waistcoat pocket? And where do you want to go?"

One Sunday we went to a little party in Chelsea. We were very late, and getting hastily out of the cab I neglected to bid my dear lad to follow, and, accustomed to implicit obedience, he sat still and was driven away.

A mile or more from the house a gentleman hailed the cab, got in, and saw a noble collie calm and collected occupying the seat. Max, extremely polite, offered his paw.

"I say, cabbie," said the gentleman, lifting

the little window, "is this your beautiful collie?"

"No, sir," said the cabman. "He's a sly one. I didn't know he was there. He belongs to a lady, my last fare. She thinks a lot of him. I heard her talkin' to him. If you'll let me drive you to the nearest cab stand, sir, I'll take him back to her. She'll pay his fare, right enough."

A friend who knew Max was on the point of leaving the house as he drove up. He paid his fare and escorted him to the drawing-room.

"This dog of yours," he said, "is as extravagant in cabs as T. P. Do you know that he's been to Piccadilly and back?"

"Oh, Max!" I said. "And your missy doesn't go beyond a shilling fare."

He begged pardon with his beautiful eyes, gravely shook hands with me, and with his hostess, and tactfully placed himself in a dark corner of the room until I was ready to leave.

Our house on Grosvenor Road was within a stone's throw of Millbank prison, that sad, gray building, where John Boyle O'Reilly spent years in solitary confinement and during the time became a poet and mathematician. It was here he wrote on a flagstone—but did not publish it until years later:

The red rose whispers of passion,
The white rose breathes of love.
Oh, the red, red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream white rosebud,
With a flush on its petal tips,
For the sweetest love and the purest,
Has a kiss of desire on its lips.

Many men of less sturdy mental fiber, under this merciless and inhuman treatment, have gone mad. But he not only stood the test and the strain, he profited from those silent years and left the prison sane, and confident of the future.

When Max exercised alone, he trotted around and around the prison, and I hoped the sight of him gave a little comfort to the embittered souls behind those bars. The sentries got to know him, and when Max saw a bayonet glisten he would stop at the gate and gravely offer a peaceful paw.

Early one morning an unfortunate throng, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city's submerged, left the prison together, walked down the Embankment and passed our house as they drifted aimlessly toward London's dark purlieus.

One woman, her gaze fixed on the river, lagged behind. Her companions never looked back to see what had become of the lonely creature, and

she sat down heavily on an iron seat just opposite my window. And there she remained, hour after hour, without stirring, looking at the darkly flowing water.

At noon Max started for a constitutional. He crossed the street, stopped for a moment and gazed at the woman's desperate face. She took no notice of him. He left her, trotted up the Embankment toward Chelsea, meditated on the world's tragedies, wheeled about, ambled steadily back, and looking very kind and friéndly sat down just in front of the friendless creature, and laid his paw in her lap. If she was conscious of his presence, she never showed it. Despair seemed to have paralyzed her. No marble woman could have been more still. Max's limpid eyes were large with sympathy. He jumped up on the seat, moved close to the poor waif, and leaned his body comfortably against hers. Still she did not stir, after five or ten minutes he softly and persistently licked her cheek. Her shoulders twitched, suddenly she turned, threw her arms around him, and saving tears rained down on his silky head.

His noble instinct led him to comfort the afflicted and lift up the weak hearted.

I opened my window, and called, "Hello, old

lad!" He did not leave the woman, but gave a sort of whining bark which expressed, "I've done all I could. It's your turn now. Come along."

I put on my hat and crossed the street. The woman was crying bitterly.

"Are you hungry?" I asked her.

"I don't know. I didn't feel anything until your dog made me cry. I wish he hadn't," she said in a flat dull voice. "Nobody, and nothin's ever kind to me, an' I don't care now."

"Come with me," I said, "I live just across the street."

She had ceased to expect anything from the world, and followed slowly.

The door was open. I led her down the hall and put her in my beloved little Japanese room. How long it had taken me to find that paper! She sat down, and Max laid himself at her feet.

I closed the door, went to the dining-room and rang the bell.

"Annie," I said to the parlor maid, an Irish woman somewhat addicted to the flowing bowl, and, unlike her class, sympathetic to unfortunates. "Get the cook to prepare a meal and take it, with a pot of strong tea, to my sitting-room to a poor waif and stray who is there."

"Ach," said Annie, "the poor, foolish, dumb head on her to make her that. Where did ye find the craythur at all?"

"She's Max's friend. He brought her here," I said.

"He's a Christian dog, if iver there was wan," said Annie. Max had been with us when Cardinal Manning gave her the temperance pledge in his own private chapel.

"Put the tray down on a little table and leave the woman alone to eat," I said. "She must be very hungry."

When I went in the room she had left no food on the tray; and was sitting on the floor beside Max, with her hand on his head.

"Have you," I said, "any place to go? I saw you come out of Millbank prison this morning, so I know you have had trouble."

"Trouble!" she said. "Oh, my God, it's more than that. Despair's eatin' me up. There's no place for such as me, but the river. An' this dog's took the heart out of me for that." Her pale hand lingered on his noble head, and the tears ran down her cheeks again. Max got up and licked them away.

I am sure a dog followed that unthinking, terrible crowd who went past Golgotha to the hill

of Calvary. Perhaps he belonged to the Syrian who helped lift the Cross. And for the fraction of a second maybe those Divine Eyes rested upon the forlorn outcast and ennobled his race forever.

"I was born on a farm and used to love animals before——"

"Never mind," I said, "you needn't tell me anything. You can merge your past into a regenerate future. You are a young woman yet."

"Who's goin' to help me?" she said. "I haven't a friend in the world."

"Max," I said, "he knows when people are worth saving. Are you a Catholic?"

"I was once a Catholic," she said. "A child of Mary, now I'm the devil's own child."

"I'll send a page boy with a note to a priest I know. I'm sure he'll help you," I said.

William, who hadn't yet been discharged for using my toothbrush, and complaining afterward that its hardness made his gums bleed—whistled for Max, but Max scornfully refused to acknowledge the whistle and remained perfectly quiet.

Luckily Father Casey was at home, and arrived long before the advent of the loitering William.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "that

you've picked up a woman, an ex-prisoner, from the streets?"

"No," I said, "*I* didn't pick her up. It was Max, he found her, and has saved her life, such as it is. She was only waiting for nightfall to throw herself into the river."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Father Casey.

"I believe if you could get her a place in the country she might have a chance," I said. "Her face isn't bad, and she's young."

"So are you," said Father Casey, "and rather soft, I fear."

"If you were complimentary, you'd say hopeful."

"It is difficult, my child," said Father Casey, with a twinkle in his kind old eye, "to combine compliments and truth. Where's your treasure trove? I'll see her, and hear what she has to say."

"Well?" I said when he came out.

"A sad, and I'm afraid rather hopeless history; twice in prison and it is only five years since she left a farm in Ireland."

"Do you happen to know anybody with cows?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "A farmer from St. Ives came to see me this morning, who wants a dairy maid.

Servants are difficult to get in Cornwall. He might give her a chance. And now I'll take her to a convent, where the sisters will give her shelter for the night. Hadn't Max better come along to explain the situation or can you trust it to me?"

"Don't be sarcastic," I said. "Truly, but for him, this woman would have drowned herself in the Thames to-night."

"That's possible," said Father Casey. "Tell her that I am waiting. We must be getting on."

These were chill gray days in November. The following spring a little damp box arrived from Cornwall filled with badly packed early primroses.

Among the pale blossoms was a scrap of paper and written upon it were a few badly spelled words. "Tell Max an' Father Casey that I'm all right, an' doin' all right. Mary."

Some years later, when I went to St. Ives, and found the farm where Mary had worked, they told me that she was married, and living in New Mexico.

The former manager of the dairy had saved his wages, gone to Santa Fé, bought a few acres of land, prospered in market gardening, and sent Mary money for her passage; she had gone to

him, they had been married, and upon their representations other friends had emigrated to join them.

The same year that Max had rescued Mary he, among a crowd of human beings—and some of them must have known how to swim—made the sole effort to save a child from drowning.

On a drowsy unusually hot Sunday in the latter part of June the working classes in their Sunday clothes strolled up and down the Embankment or stood in groups looking at the river and the copper-red sunset.

As I went out with Max for a breath of fresh air, there was a little excitement among the people gathered in front of my house, as if they saw a pleasure boat passing.

When they made way for me, I saw the water seemed disturbed and bubbles were coming to the surface.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A boy drowning," a man answered carelessly.

"Where? I don't see him!" I said.

"He's gone down. No, there he's up, fighting still!" he said.

I looked. Only the back of a boy's head was visible. The hair was the color of Toodie's.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "is there no one here to save him, are you all cowards?"

No one answered. I ran forward screaming, and prepared to dive in, though only an experienced swimmer could have grasped the child's naked, slippery body.

Two men seized and held me on either side. "There, there, steady, Missis. You can't swim with all your clothes on and there's a bad undertow here."

"Let me go, you beasts!" I cried. Then a most noble beast splashed into the water, and Max was swimming toward the child. "Toodie!" I frantically called to him, "Toodie!" and then I burst into tears.

The boy had come up once more, but his whole body and face were submerged in the water. Only the crown of his head and his back were visible.

Max tried to hold him by his scalp, and did succeed in keeping him up for a few minutes.

"I'll give ten pounds to anybody who goes to help the dog!" I cried. "I'll give anything." Nobody stirred! The soaked hair was slipping through Max's teeth. The little fellow couldn't lift his head to see and seize his companion's collar. He threw up his arms in a last wild spas-

modic effort to catch at something and sank to rise no more.

Max kept on swimming, with his big eyes full of hope, until he was chilled and tired.

Finally I called him, and he scrambled up the bank, shook himself, and trotted across the street to the house as if he had done nothing in particular. I dried him with my own bath towel, and told him he had just missed the life saving medal.

What a night of wakefulness and heart-broken dreams followed. Toodie and I, and the boy with hair like his were sailing in a monster steamer across a rough sea, when the ship struck an iceberg and we began to sink. The lifeboats were lowered lumberingly, and I pushed Toodie, and the boy and Max into a boat already crowded, then I was struggling in the water, and Toodie called out, "Is there no man who will save my mother?" And Max jumped from the boat, and kept me up by my hair, and we passed a man, and he swam away from us, and we were both sinking, down, down, when I awoke.

The parlor maid had brought me my tea, and Max by her side, looking silky and beautiful, was asking me to get up.

The policeman whom I had consulted the

evening before, told me that boys were forbidden to bathe in the river, and called my attention to a wooden placard marked "Dangerous." But what reckless boy had ever been deterred by the word "dangerous"? And within a week two little lads had been drowned.

"If I could be here all the time, I'd give any one of 'em that went in a sound thrashing, but I only make my round about nine o'clock. Don't you worry, mum. You can't do nothin'."

And T. P., when I consulted him, agreed with the policeman.

"Remember that you are not in Texas," he said. "You can't expect to stop the wheels of government in England. American women are——"

At that point I interrupted him. Indeed, I find it a great saving of irritating argument never to let any other nationality get further than "American women are——"

"Never mind," I said, "about American women. Being one myself, I know much more about them than you possibly can know. And I'm going to ask an English official for something I want, which will stop boys from being drowned, and I'll wager you a sovereign that I get it."

"You ought not to ask for it," said T. P.

How inevitable that the most optimistic husbands become pessimists where the endeavors of their wives are concerned.

"What is it you want?"

"I'll tell you that, after I've asked for it," I said.

"And been refused," said T. P. gloomily.

"I've got quite a lot I've asked for in this life," I said cheerfully. "Quite a lot, which encourages me to try again."

Max barked vociferously at this. He at least always understood American women. And when I told Annie to call a cab—"cab" was the best beloved word of his vocabulary—he was waiting at the door, and had seated himself before I had given our destination to the driver, who remarked:

"He seems to like cabs, mum."

"Yes," I said, "he must have belonged to 'carriage people,' once upon a time."

"Where to, mum?"

"Scotland Yard," I said. A pleasant sounding word in my ears, for I never went to consult that portentous body without getting help and comfort. This was my first visit.

"I want," I said to the clerk, "to see the chief person in authority."

"I am in authority," he said.

"Yes," I said, "but I want to see the official who gives orders to Scotland Yard in particular, and London in general."

I was densely ignorant of England's official life, but I *do* know—having learned my lesson in America, that if you want a favor granted, ask it, if possible, from the President of the United States, or the next person in authority. So I applied my experience to England.

The clerk told a policeman to take me upstairs. My card was taken to the chief of police, and in a few moments I was shown into his august presence. He shook hands with me, and said genially, "Well, what can I do for you? Are you an envoy of the Irish party?"

"No," I said. "I'm not Irish. If I were, I probably wouldn't be here. It is my American cheek that has brought me."

Max meantime had shaken hands three times with Sir E—.

"He seems to be a sociable fellow," said Sir E—. "He has wonderful discrimination," I said. "He only shakes hands once with ordinary peo-

ple. A man must be pure gold to have Max give him his paw three times."

Max again offered his paw.

"I don't see," said Sir E—, taking it and smiling, "how a mere man can resist a combination of both you and Max."

"Now," I said, "you are in the proper frame of mind for me to ask a favor. And I'm not wanting anything for Irish or Americans. I am here to save the lives of English boys."

"Good!" said Sir E—, "that sounds disinterested and humane. How am I to help you?"

Then I described my experience of the day before, and asked for a policeman to guard that part of the river, until the weather was too cold to bathe.

"You see," I said, "if two boys are drowned every week, that would make twenty-six boys by the first of October. They may be embryo heroes and statesmen, who knows? But whether they are or not, every healthy English boy is worth saving."

"Indeed he is," said Sir E—, "and I think we can manage a policeman for you."

At that moment a young Irishman with flaming red hair came into the room with a paper.

"McDermott," said Sir E—, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "go to number 38 Grosvenor Road, and await orders from Mrs. T. P. O'Connor."

"The mimber of Parliament, sor?"

"No," said Sir E—, "the member's wife, this lady here."

"Yes, sor. Very well, sor."

Max got up, and as the policeman closed the door licked his hand.

"I hope," said Sir E—, "you observe that Max approves of my choice."

"You are not joking?" I said. "It is really a matter of life and death."

"You don't think that Scotland Yard jokes, do you?" said Sir E—. "Believe me, when you want to save any lives come to me."

Max and I left Scotland Yard very jauntily. We walked to Gorringe's, in Buckingham Palace Road, where I had a gown fitted, and tried on various harbingers of summer, gayly blooming, flowering hats, but none of them were just what I wanted.

When I came out Max had gone.

CHAPTER IV

MAX AND JACK THE RIPPER

I WHISTLED and called, "Max! Max! Come along. Where are you? Hurry up." What could have become of him? His patience was inexhaustible. He always waited, no matter how long the time. My heart sank. He must have been stolen. Forcibly abducted. I walked hurriedly to the end of the street, where an authoritative policeman was standing.

"Have you," I said, "seen a beautiful collie anywhere?"

"Was he in front of Gorringe's Shop for some hours?"

"Yes," I said, "he was waiting for me."

"Oh, you young ladies!" said the policeman. "I thought he was a lost dog, and took him to the nearest police station."

"You did," I said, "well, you might just as well have taken *me!* Did he go willingly?"

"No, he didn't, he lagged a good deal, and looked back. I ought to have known. But he

was very sweet-tempered. I'm sorry, mum. The station ain't very far. They ain't yet took him to the Dogs' Home."

"I certainly hope not," I said. "A second visit there would break his heart."

And when I hurried to the station, there sat Max, quiet, serene, and certain of delivery. Shaking hands with all the policemen, he had made friends, and was the center of an admiring crowd.

"He's quite a gentleman, Miss," said the sergeant in command.

And then I explained that only Max's politeness, and respect for the force had brought him there at all. As we left the station I met Mrs. Labouchere, who insisted on my going home to Queen Anne's Gate to lunch with her. And afterward we drove in the park, with Max trotting sedately behind the carriage, and it was six o'clock when we arrived at Grosvenor Road.

T. P. was in his study, rather disturbed and anxious.

"These dashed English suspect me of something!" he began. "All day long a red-headed policeman has been standing just outside the door. Several members of the Irish party have been here and noticed it. We are going to have

a consultation at the League to-night, to see what course we had better pursue. What they think they have up their sleeves I can't imagine."

I began to laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," said T. P. "I daresay the neighbors imagine we are concealing dynamite. The fellow's got a most foolish face. If I had tried, I daresay I could easily have got out of him why he's there. I don't know, though, if it's wise to speak to him. He looks the sort of sly dastardly Irishman that these English would set on us."

I laughed still more.

"You are about as foolish as the policeman," said T. P. irritably. "I must say, it doesn't seem to me at all a laughing matter."

"Have you spoken to the servants?" I said.

"No," said T. P., "and I hope they haven t noticed the assassin."

"Trust a housemaid to spot a policeman," I said. "I'll ring and ask Annie."

"Don't do anything of the kind until I've been to the League."

"You won't have to go," I said. "I'm responsible for that policeman."

"You?" said T. P., astonished. I rang the bell, and when Annie answered it, asked her if

she had spoken to the policeman standing by the door.

"Yes'm," she said. "He come here at twelve o'clock, an' said he had a note for you. An' was to give it to you himself, an' if you wasn't in he was to wait until you come in and you was to tell him what to do."

"Well, upon my word," said T. P. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Tell him I'm in, Annie, and fetch me the note," I said. It was from Sir E— and read:

"Dear Mrs. O'Connor,

I send you one of your husband's countrymen, a young policeman, to prevent boys from bathing in that part of the Thames which you have convinced me is so dangerous. Will you and Max show him the exact spot where he is to stand? I have told him to await your orders.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

————."

"When," said T. P., "Ireland has Home Rule, and I am in the Cabinet, I shall only remain there two days on account of some extraordinary performance of yours."

"You owe me," I said, "half a sovereign."

"Well," said T. P., "you American women are——"

"Excuse me, I must give my policeman his or-

ders," I said. "He isn't to stand permanently in front of our door. Come, Max."

The policeman smiled, greatly relieved, when I came out, and Max greeted him like an old friend.

"It's been a tryin' day," he said. "People's bin wonderin' what I was doin' forninst the dure. But I was told to wait. An' I waited."

It was then half-past seven o'clock, a soft, clear English June twilight. I crossed the street with him, and pointed out the swift-flowing current where two accidents had occurred and told him he must stop all boys who wanted to bathe.

"Niver a one will be wet with the wather, this summer, ma'm," he said, "niver a one."

I looked at his lithe six feet, and well believed it.

"And I'll write to the chief of police," I said, "and tell him how manfully you've stuck to your duty to-day."

"Whin Mr. Tay Pay O'Connor luked at me the way that he did luk, I was put to it to stay, an' I wud have spoke, but he wint by so quick I didn't have the chanst."

And how Max and Annie did adore that policeman! I am sure he had lashin's of drink—for T. P.'s whisky disappeared as if by magic

—and partook of every dainty provided for our table. And Max walked with him hour after hour, until he got a regular policeman's stride. And he saw and hailed, and tried to deliver every boy that came up or down the Embankment, innocent or guilty, into Patrick McDermott's red shining hands.

That autumn T. P. started the *Star,* and as he insisted that he could only edit it on the premises, we gave up our dear little house on the river, and moved down to a flat which occupied the two top floors of the *Star* Building.

This was not a very happy time for either Max or me. The rooms shook and trembled from the whirring machinery, the air reeked of printer's ink, and boys came up and downstairs with telegrams, and messages, and copy, from morning until night. Max detested boys to such an extent that he must have had some painful memory connected with them. Perhaps he was entrusted to a boy who lost him, when he was found at the Dogs' Home.

I asked him about that mysterious mishap, once or twice, but it made him so sad that I ignored it ever after. He considered it a reflection against his intelligence, and a reflection against his former master, that a dog of his importance

should have gone through the experience of quite ordinary dogs. Like human beings who are brave, he did not wish to nurse his sorrow, but to endure, and, if possible, to forget.

The most agreeable part of his life during his journalistic career were the long Sundays which he spent in the country with the night watchman, who lived in an old cottage surrounded by a little garden on the outskirts of Brixton.

At seven o'clock on each Sunday morning he, Ram Jones—a very inferior German dog—and the watchman, departed for green fields, returning at eight o'clock in the evening.

The *Star* Building, a thing of mushroom growth, was largely composed of wood, so fire was to be dreaded; and every hour of the night the watchman made frequent inspections to see if we were safe. And Max, although he enjoyed long nights of undisturbed sleep, considered it his duty to follow the watchman.

Up and down, up and down the stairs I would hear his quiet footfall, with always,—though Peters and Ram Jones continued their rounds—a listening pause at my door to see if all was well.

Oh, devoted, loyal friend, you never forgot your mistress for one moment, in the whole of your gentle life. There was ever in your noble

heart, a background of her whom you loved faithfully, and obediently to the end. . . .

Max was more of a statesman than a journalist. He could think over, and come to a very logical conclusion. His brain was rather serious and contemplative, than nimble and quick. Only once did he show the true reporter's instinct and nose for news.

It was the time that Jack the Ripper, in the open, populous streets of London, with superhuman cunning and absolute immunity of being discovered, was slaughtering like sheep one woman after another.

T. P. was in Scotland. A friend had taken me to drive, and we had gone to the East End, to see the "damned spot" where the last horrible murder had been committed.

The wide clean street suggested neither mystery nor tragedy. Customers were continually entering and leaving prosperous shops well stocked with pleasant looking merchandise, boys and girls, men and women, laughing, talking, grave and gay, careless, careworn, or happy, passed and repassed. There were always people. But in the midst of this pulsing life one solitary moment came, and it shrouded a grewsome murder in utter darkness.

We got out of the carriage, and I showed the affrighting place to Max. He barked, snuffed, became excited, and behaved as if he comprehended that a terrific drama had been enacted there.

That night my dear lad and I dined at the Labouchères'. Mr. Labouchere always said Max had the best and least obtrusive manners of any dog he had ever known; being a gentleman, he was always a welcome visitor, first to Queen Anne's Gate, and afterward to the historic house in Old Palace Yard.

A number of letters, including one that Mr. Labouchere said was from the Ripper himself, had been written to *Truth*. And, when I left, which I did early, we were still talking about the destroying Moloch with his lust of blood and apparent power of invisibility.

Mr. Labouchere went with me to the door.

It was a cold night, but clear, and the air was charged with electricity.

"He'll do a murder to-night," said Mr. Labouchere. "It's time for another."

"Oh, no," I said, "the stars are shining. He'll wait for a fog."

When we reached the *Star* Building I went

upstairs, leaving Max with the watchman, but I could not get to sleep.

When eleven o'clock came, and I heard Peters' heavy footfall on the stairs, I opened the door, and to relieve my loneliness said, "Everything all right?"

"Yes'm," he said, "but I've just give a evil looking man a' arf crown for bringing Max home. He went out at ten o'clock, and never came back. About five minutes ago a man brought him in. He seen his address on his collar, an' said he was makin' for the East End. He seems to have somethin' on his mind."

"Oh," I said, "Max was with me this afternoon when I went with Major Webster to see the street where Jack the Ripper murdered his last victim. But I wonder what he wanted to go back for."

Max barked, and indicated that he wanted to go downstairs.

"The man that fetched him back," said the watchman, "looked like he might have been Jack the Ripper himself. His skin was green white, just the color of the stomach of a frog. He didn't have a drop of red blood in him. And his fingers was like tough white roots. He had little, awful eyes. A hat down to his collar, an' he

OCCASIONALLY STOOPING HIS DEAR HEAD TO GIVE THE SICK
OG A LICK OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND OF CHEER

spoke so queer. Once he looked up at the buildin' and smiled most horrible, as if he had a blood curdlin' joke all to hisself. He was a rum customer, he was, and yet Max wanted to follow him."

"Oh, Peters," I said. "Do you really think we've had a visit from the Ripper? I won't sleep a wink to-night. Watch Max. Don't let him out again. See how restless he is."

"You go to bed, mum," said the watchman, "and be quiet, me and the dogs will be up and down constant to-night."

I opened a book, and read for a while, then I laid it aside, and thought what a strange personality the man with the livid face must have to arouse Peters, who had no imagination to such picturesque description.

Then I closed my eyes and willed myself to sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, when the buzz of the machines would rouse me whether I would or not.

Suddenly there was a quiver, and the bur-r-r-r of grinding machinery. I listened. The *Star* was an evening paper, what had happened to warrant a morning edition. The big linotypes were going at full speed.

There were hurrying footsteps, and voices call-

ing out orders. "Go ahead. Look sharp, and we'll be out with the *Telegraph* and the *Times*."

"Wire for Massingham" (the assistant editor), I heard someone say.

Max was barking, barking in a strange hoarse voice.

Peters was coming upstairs with hurried feet. I opened my door and called out:

"In Heaven's name, what's the matter?"

"Jack the Ripper has murdered two women to-night!"

"My God," I said, "how shocking! Where did he do it?"

"Not far from where you was to-day, mum." Max, still barking, had rushed to me with wildly excited eyes.

"He knew it," said the watchman, "long before we did. When the poor woman was bein' butchered, maybe, he lifted his head right in my box, an' he howled, an' he howled, an' howled, and looked just as if he seen some awful thing. I tell you my blood run cold."

"Be quiet, Max," I said, "be quiet, sir."

He began to whimper.

"An'," said the watchman, "it wasn't long after that a reporter run in and fairly shouted: 'The Ripper's at it again. He's killed two this

time. We must make things hum, and get to press at once.' "

The watchman left Max with me for the rest of the night. He was quite unlike himself. Quivering with nervousness, restless, and dissatisfied. He seemed to be making a protest, and to be saying with his wonderful eyes: "If I had been allowed to go to that fatal spot, I would have seized the Ripper, held him until help came, and saved the woman." And he did not recover his serenity for many days, not until I had my accident in the fire escape.

An expert on buildings had estimated that if the *Star* Building caught on fire it would burn to the ground in ten minutes. And there was no way of escaping, except by the ordinary staircase. So a fire escape had been ordered, and two men arrived with it in the afternoon. It was a long thick canvas bag; fastened at the top to a semicircle of iron, which in time of necessity was to be attached to two strong iron hooks inserted in my bedroom window.

Men standing on the ground at the end of the bag were supposed to hold it in a slanting position. And the person would slip down to safety, rounding out arms and legs in a sort of spread-eagle fashion to somewhat arrest the descent.

Both men employed in the job seemed rather too genial, but I only thought of that during my subsequent days in bed. One of them said: "Now, mum, if you could go down to-day, it'll be a jolly thing to do. You can then be prepared in time of fire to show Mr. O'Connor and the servants how easy it is."

Max looked down the bag, and barked violently—saying quite plainly: "Don't listen to this man. He's been drinking." But who in youth does not dream of being a heroine? A vision of myself in the future sitting in the mouth of a fire bag, with flames in the distance, beckoning to T. P. and the servants to follow, then flying down like a bird, and bounding lightly forth in the court below, inspired me to the great deed.

How often I have credulously taken the advice of people more foolish than myself, and suffered in consequence, but never more than when I heeded the words of a drunken fireman.

The windows were filled with spectators. It was a propitious moment to display courage and presence of mind.

Max barked all the time. It rather deafened me and prevented my thinking.

When I climbed up, sat on the window ledge, and hung my legs down the bag, he almost

frothed at the mouth, and seized my dress in his teeth. I spoke severely to him, for the first and the last time in all the years we were together.

"Don't be a fool," I said, "I'm going to prepare myself to save lives." Max barked loudly.

By this time, completely paralyzed by fear, I was cold all over, and yet perspiring freely.

"Be quiet, Max. Be quiet. You don't understand this fire escape," I said. "It's jolly."

My voice rather quavered, and Max again seized hold of my dress with his dear, wise teeth.

"I hope," said the fireman, "your dog won't come tumblin' down on to you."

"Oh, no," I said, "he'll be all right in a minute. To tell you the truth, I'm horribly afraid of any height. It makes me sick and dizzy."

"Shut your eyes before you start," said the fireman. "Spread your arms an' legs, an' you'll be as right as rain. Now, mum, we'll wait for you below."

The men went down to the court, which was completely surrounded by newspaper and printing offices.

On occasion, I can rouse my lazy, indifferent will to do my severest bidding. And quite suddenly, without any warning to the firemen below, I dropped. And I dropped four stories.

There was no thoughtful, calm, spread-eagle poise given to my body. On the contrary, I lifted my arms in a frenzied effort to find something to which I could hold on. My elbows, when they touched the new rough canvas, wore instant holes in the cloth tailored sleeves. My garments, by my velocity—I suppose I was going at the rate of ten thousand miles a minute—left their moorings, and turned the wrong way up. I knew exactly how a man felt who was being hung.

It is said people who are drowning review all the events of their past lives.

People who go down in fire escapes do not. There is no time. The firemen had barely a second to lift the end of the bag, when I shot by them like an arrow.

My hair was flowing. My hands were skinned. And as my body, still traveling at the rate of a million miles a minute, skimmed over the cobblestones, each stone claimed its portion of skin.

My right foot struck an obstacle, turned, and the result was either a broken or a badly sprained ankle. When my velocity lessened into quietude, I could not move, but was thankful to be alive.

I heard an anxious whimper. Max was lick-

ing my face, and saying: "Oh, missy, are you hurt? What did you do it for, honey? I begged you not."

The firemen ran up, adjusted my clothes and righted me. I tried to stand, but felt faint and groaned with pain. Max growled threateningly, and was none too amiable to the two men.

Then Mr. Parke, the city editor, ran out, asked what had happened, cut off my boot,—my ankle was already greatly swollen—the firemen lifted and carried me between them, and the cavalcade started up the four flights of stairs.

Instead of an example of steadfast and triumphant courage in time of fire, there I was, a maimed and lacerated warning against fire escapes.

Such is life, at least such is my life. A series of visions, dreams, stern realities, and disappointments.

The moment Max became a nurse he was quiet, considerate—no longer remembered Jack the Ripper—and scarcely left my room for the next ten days.

That evening he went downstairs to speak to the watchman, and tell him what had happened, but came back at once and gave up his rounds for the night to lie by my bed.

When T. P. saw my red swollen ankle, my raw and blistered hands, and a grazed cheek, he decided that rather than trust himself to a fire escape, he would perish in the flames. Both the servants gave warning, and I was confined to the house with my various lacerations for a fortnight. And to Max, at least, another dreadful worry came at this time.

Peters, his good friend the night watchman, was discharged. Several times when T. P. returned home late from the House of Commons, he had discovered him asleep, by the side of an empty beer jug, and as the building was like tinder, of course his dismissal was imperative.

And he was such a kind creature that everyone regretted his weakness and was sorry to have him go. As for Max, he was terribly depressed, and the moment I could limp about and he felt justified in taking a holiday, he left the *Star* Building at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, started for Brixton, spent the day with Peters, and returned about nine o'clock in the evening. He never miscalculated the day, going on a Wednesday or a Friday, although he made the journey for months all through the late winter and spring until the early summer, when T. P. brought him to me in Germany.

Now instinct may direct a dog momentarily; but only thought and remembrance can assert itself on a certain day of the week for a protracted length of time.

CHAPTER V

MAX PRESENTS HIMSELF AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

It was at the *Star* Building that Max met and loved at first sight Monsieur Johannes Wolff, the celebrated violinist, who was at that time greatly the vogue in London. He lived in Wellington Square, quite three miles away, but Max followed him home, and after that would often go to Chelsea, station himself in the Square, watch and wait until he saw a dark, handsome gentleman, with a violin case, enter a cab; then at a discreet distance he would follow and appear smiling on the doorstep of one of the great houses where his friend was to play, just as Johannes entered the door.

It was then impossible to send him back and he would take his place among the crowd of silk-stockinged lackeys, hear the concert in the distance, and patiently wait for Monsieur Wolff to reappear.

Later we moved to a flat in Victoria Street.

Monsieur Wolff, who had left Chelsea, lived in a nearby street and, after a party, could stop on his way home and leave Max with the night porter.

One evening Monsieur Wolff was playing at Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria, and Max slipped by the sentry, met his friend at the palace entrance and the lackeys laughed to see him enter the hall and seat himself in a chair of great antiquity.

"There is one member of your family who is a Tory and a loyal subject of the Queen," said a Cabinet minister to me. "I met him the other evening at Buckingham Palace. Did the Lord Chamberlain send Max a card?"

"No," I said, "his invitation miscarried; but being recognized as a gentleman of charming manners, he was, I hear, made entirely welcome."

"When I saw him he was receiving at the door, and shaking hands with everybody who stopped to speak to him," said the first Lord of the Admiralty. "He'll bring T. P. into the right fold yet."

I hadn't been well the winter of Max's social triumphs, and intended going very early to the baths in Kreuznach.

"You had better take Max along," said T. P. "The season has not begun. You will be lonely."

It seemed wise, however, from motives of economy, and other reasons, to leave him at home; although it was a heartbreaking thing to do.

The moment the trunks were brought in the room his gay spirits began to flag.

He would sit by them and utter a mute protest over every garment which was folded and packed. And the morning after I left Carlisle Place he rushed back to my room, crawled under the bed, and for several days sighed his heart out, and refused to eat. Even cheese, which usually made his eyes bright with joy, did not tempt his appetite.

T. P. wrote, saying: "I don't know what we are going to do with Max. He is grieving himself thin over your absence. I sent for Sewell (a distinguished veterinary surgeon), but he says there's nothing the matter with him, except a sorrowing heart."

It was during this period of Max's loneliness that Cardinal Manning, who lived in the palace only a few doors away, attracted by the noble dog's appealing eyes, spoke to him, and Max quietly followed him up the steps, trotted after him, until they reached the pleasant shabby li-

brary, where only books were considered, and unobtrusively stowed himself away in a corner.

When the Cardinal drank his tea, he gave Max a drop of milk, and a bit of bread and butter, and after that my dear lad made frequent visits to his Eminence.

When I went to call on the Cardinal, he would tell me that a member of my family was already there. And Max would wave his feathery tail in glad welcome, look at me with speaking eyes that said, "You see, we both love him," and the prince of the Church would place a gentle hand, thin to transparency, on my lad's noble head, and say, "If ever you want a home for this gentleman, he can find one here."

At one time a minor political question arose upon which the Cardinal and T. P. differed. Fearing the strong will power, and persuasiveness of his Eminence, T. P. was rather avoiding a meeting. The Cardinal knew it, and said to me:

"Surely you, and Max, and I, together, ought to be able to steer T. P. in the right direction."

After my arrival in Kreuznach, as T. P. predicted, I was lonely, and he wrote:

"I may be able to get away at Easter, and if

it can be managed I shall have a pleasant surprise for you."

It was managed, and the joyful surprise was —Max!

Early one beautiful spring morning, when the earth was carpeted with lilies of the valley, and the birds—what quantities there are in Germany! —were fluttering and busy with housekeeping affairs, I looked out of my window, and there was T. P. Stepping along the nice, wide, clean gravel path, and following him, his eyes big and bright with loving anticipation, a smile on his black lips, and his pink tongue visible from emotion, was Max!

I threw open my window. "Oh! come up quick!" I called, "the two of you." Then there was a wild rush, and Max in hysterics licked my face and hands, with quick, nervous flashes of his tongue, interrupted by sudden barks, ending in gratified joyous whines; then, to relieve his overwrought feelings, he whirled and whimpered through the corridors and down the stairs, dashed to the garden, made a wide circle on the grass, and sped back with violent delight to my room again.

T. P.'s eyes beamed with satisfaction.

"This alone is worth a trip to Germany," he

said. "You must never leave England again without Max."

And what a happy, luxurious, satisfactory summer he had. Toodie was in Kreuznach absorbing the language, with a delightful German family, who made surprisingly good coffee, and saved all their soup bones for Max.

For a time there had been a rival in Toodie's affections. Fritz, a dachshund of high degree, whom Frau Schule Inspecterin Bornemann accepted as a charming and welcome guest. But the dachshund, always of a delicate constitution, after a winter of colds, succumbed toward spring to pulmonary troubles.

Toodie had written to me: "My dear Fritz choked up in the middle of the night, and I called Herr Bornemann, who came at once, in his pajamas and an overcoat, and tried to give him a teaspoonful of brandy, but he couldn't swallow. Then Bobby Melville got up—a student of German, now a brilliant diplomat—and we three sat by him until he died at daylight. He was a Christian dog, and my heart is broken."

But Toodie found consolation in Max for the loss of his much lamented "Dax," and they made long walks together. And Max became familiar with many of the beautiful castles on the Rhine.

Herr Bornemann was a valiant pedestrian. Once a week, in a little green hat, he and his four or five English boys, wearing other little green hats, with Max bringing up the rear, would take the tiny train to Bingen, "sweet Bingen-on-the-Rhine," where a soldier of Algiers, after leaving quite a number of instructions, which have made him immortal, died. From the beautiful National Denkmal auf dem Niederwald, that proud and fine perpetuation of Germany's war with France, they trudged to every castle within a radius of ten miles.

Max had often been to the top of Ebenburg, and the Dhaum, and the Kyrburg. He loved every hilltop and, finally, "Ein Schloss" made him prick up his ears and start for the door.

He knew those two pleasant German words meant a long active afternoon, listening to Herr Bornemann's agreeable voice as he poured German history into his boys, and when appetite called for "*restauration*," stopping in lovely, leafy forests, while a waiter brought beer for the party, and crisp zwieback for him. He was in fine form at this happy period of his life, he could walk and run for hours without fatigue. His body was lean and lithe from much exercise, and his coat, from constant brushing, was as glossy as silk.

When he drove up the steep hill to the castle of Ebenburg, where the great scholars, Franz von Sickingen, and his friend Ulrich von Hutton, gave shelter to Doctor Faust, whose learning was so great that he suffered persecution as a wizard, and his history so picturesque that it inspired Goethe to his immortal poem, Max, running fleetly, was there long before us, standing in the castle door, and barking a fine *forte* bark of welcome.

"*Ja, ja,*" said Toodie. "*Sei ruhig wir komen. Pianissimo, Max.*" And Max barked softly. His friend, Monsieur Wolff, had taught him musical barks, which he understood perfectly, and never forgot that *forte* meant a loud, full, manly effort, *fortissimo* indicated the utmost volume of his voice, "*piano*" meant a softly gliding sound, and *pianissimo* was just the indication of a bark.

No one, not even Queen Victoria, appreciated Monsieur Wolff's beautiful interpretation of music more than Max. He was indifferent to the piano, but the moment his quick ears heard a bow drawn across the strings of a violin, he prepared to listen. And when his beloved friend threw his whole musical soul into Thomas' *An-*

dante Religioso, and a thrilling voice seemed to soar in a prayer of passionate appeal, Max would press his paw deep into the hollow of my hand, and politely swallow one whimper after the other. Though full of ecstasy and deeply agitated, he always remembered that he was an English gentleman, and when he could, he suppressed any outward demonstrations of emotion.

There never was such a true, tender, loving heart as his, but he did not wear it on his tail. He was far too proud for that. His waggings and enthusiasms were intelligent and sincere. And he was by no means always on the wag. His dignity and reserve were too great for that.

The proprietor of the Oranienhof, Herr Alten, recognizing another gentleman in Max, treated him with marked consideration.

"There is," he said, "a small, vacant room next yours, Madame O'Connor. I see no reason why Max should not occupy it." Then my old lad did most pointedly and politely wag.

The communicating door was unlocked, and Max had a quaint little room papered in blue roses all to himself. And for the first time in his life he slept in a bed with a blanket over him, and a pillow under his head. How he loved, like any fine gentleman, luxury and comfort!

When T. P. came again in midsummer, he brought Monsieur Wolff, and Max with all those he loved best about him was the happiest dog in the world.

"Forte! forte!" his friend said, when Max leaped up foreign-fashion to kiss him on each kind cheek, and Max let off a volley of fine, loud, welcoming barks.

The day we left Kreuznach, when with pretty German sentiment Herr Alten presented me a farewell bouquet of sweet autumn roses, there was a tiny nosegay to tie on Max's collar, and from the important *oberkellner* to the humble page boy, everyone had a farewell word for him, *"Auf wiedersehen,* Max," *"Auf baldiges wiedersehen,* Max," and he stopped to offer a regretful paw to all his good German friends. When we arrived at Ostend the sea, in the wake of a storm, was very rough, though the sun shone, so we decided to stay on deck.

Monsieur Wolff, an experienced traveler, placed a chair for me amidships, unfolded my rug, wrapped it about my feet, lighted a cigarette, opened a paper, seated himself near me, and told Max to lie down and be quiet.

"I think Max already looks distinctly uncomfortable," I said. "Shut your eyes, Max," M.

Wolff said, "and go to sleep." We had scarcely left the dock when there was a miserable motion of the sort that induces instant pallor and tightly closed eyes, and silences all conversation.

The deck steward began getting busy. He strapped a number of chairs that insisted upon sliding about to stationary iron seats, covered a few cold indifferent feet with hastily unstrapped rugs, and started his terrible rounds, with numberless little tin basins, which, fitting into each other, made a long tube of shining metal. And he was as neat and dextrous in distributing them as a prestidigitator.

All the people near me had been provided with bowls. My turn came next. M. Wolff said, "No thank you," then the facetious steward, with a grand flourish, whirled one to Max. Laughing, he placed it just in front of his wise, uneasy nose, saying: "Here's one for you, old fellow, maybe you will need it." There were sickly smiles from the passengers, who still had their eyes open, and a moment later a very sickly smile from the steward himself, for Max had instantly taken his advice and used the bowl!

Monsieur Wolff was delighted.

"Oh, Max," he said, "what you do dere? What you do?"

And he laughed uproariously, with the heartiness of a carefree schoolboy.

Poor Max was so bad a sailor that he looked quite thin when we arrived at Dover. The English sky was gray and our happy, careless summer was a thing of the past.

"You must," I said to Monsieur Wolff, "speak German with Max so that he will not forget it."

"I give de man a pourboire for him," said Monsieur Wolff, "he was so shamed in his joke."

Max treasured one German memory, the bed he had slept in; it made him determine never to sleep on the floor or on a mat again.

That night when I undressed and turned to get in my bed he was under my blankets, with his head on my pillow, and I had a long argument with him before he would consent to get up. The next night he tried T. P.'s bed. And finally he settled himself permanently in the spare room.

There never was a creature of more fixed or intelligent habits. Once a week the parlor maid gave him a bath. The water was softened with soda, he was lathered with good carbolic soap, and I cleaned his teeth with pumice stone.

Although he disliked his bath, the warm water,

the scrubbing and combing of his thick tangled hair, at eleven o'clock on every Friday he went unsolicited to the bathroom, stood for a moment disconsolately sighing, then jumped into the tub and waited for Annie to turn on the water.

After his bath he was always sweetly patient until the completion of his toilet. In the afternoon combed, brushed, and looking the aristocratic gentleman that he was, he accompanied T. P. to the House of Commons, where one of the policemen always seated him in state in a fine old hooded leather chair in the lobby. And afterward, whenever he found himself in the hall of a splendid house, and saw a big hooded chair, he at once seated himself in it.

Every member of Parliament who passed, whether he belonged to the Government or the Opposition, stopped to speak to him. For Max was universally popular.

At the second reading of the Home Rule bill, in the excitement of the great night, Max was forgotten; and at three o'clock in the morning a policeman found him still obediently waiting.

At half-past three I heard a door bell ringing, threw on a dressing gown and went downstairs.

There stood a tall policeman, swinging a lantern above Max's noble head. He said:

"I was surprised in makin' my rounds to find this gentleman. He had been waitin' all night. I knew he was Mr. T. P. O'Connor's dog, so I've just brought him home."

I thanked him and brought a stout peg of Irish whisky for him to drink to the success of Home Rule and the health of Max Gladstone O'Connor.

One Friday evening we were dining in the House with Doctor Wallis, a well known and witty Liberal Member. He had kindly included Max in his invitation, and my silky lad sat at the right hand of the host. It is true on the floor, but Doctor Wallis, profuse in his hospitality, offered him various succulent morsels; and Max, with his perfect manners, declined nothing, not even a stalk of asparagus. Taking it daintily in his teeth, he retired to a remote corner of the room, secretly deposited it, and gravely returned to his seat.

Finally I said, "Max doesn't eat the half of what you give him, Doctor Wallis."

"Shall we make room for him at table and give him the menu?" said the doctor with a smile. Max lifted a reproachful paw to his knee.

"Never mind, old fellow," said the witty Liberal member, shaking hands with him, "you are

the only four-footed member of the House of Commons, but there are plenty of them with long ears."

My dear lad gave his thanking, pianissimo bark, and we laughed and drank his health.

And if T. P. forgot Max on a Friday, very frequently he would make the journey to the House of Commons alone. The policemen of the lobby gave him welcome; and when the Member for Liverpool issued forth for hat and coat, there he would find the "four footed member" smiling and waiting.

Undoubtedly, when pleased, Max did smile, his mouth pleasantly opened, the muscles contracted at the corners, and his black lips expressed a subtle sense of humor.

But for his friend, Monsieur Johannes Wolff, he reserved a very special and individual attention.

"Max! Smile at me! Smile at me!"—with the delightful titillation in his voice that all dogs loved—and Max would curl back his trembling lips in a broad grin that disclosed every tooth in his head.

And Monsieur Wolff would reward him by effusive enthusiasm.

"Wunderbar! Wunderschön! Colossal! Er ist ein gute knabe. Nich ein hund."

Again Max would lift his lip, and then dash in the garden, making circles on the lawn to relieve his overwrought feelings.

The mere advent of his beloved friend, although he was a frequent visitor to Oakley Lodge, aroused my dear lad to moving enthusiasm; as Monsieur Wolff would have said:

"Widout to know it," he did the bunny hug, and the turkey trot by instinct; as both dances were unknown at that time.

CHAPTER VI

MAX COMFORTS THE SICK AND MEETS PUNCH

Brighton, where ill health at this period of my life compelled me to spend the winters, is a veritable paradise for dogs; and at one time or another, "on the front," every variety of this varied race known in the world sallies forth for exercise with his master or mistress.

Russet colored, blue tongued chows regarding Western civilization with small, indifferent, suspicious Eastern eyes. Well set up, cleanly cut, evenly marked, gay hearted, saucy, frank fox terriers. Long, lithe, graceful, gentle, aloof, feathery Russian wolf hounds—as if a great ostrich plume had been transformed into a dog. King Charles spaniels, with little, turned-up, aristocratic noses, and a covering of fine, silky hair—unchanged in appearance, since an ancestor was painted in the round hollow of the arm of laughing Nell Gwynne, or on the satin lap of beautiful and radiant Emma Hamilton.

English mastiffs, big enough in stature to have outgrown all small jealousies, stopping in their lumbering stride to good naturedly speak to every other dog, regardless of race, nationality or pedigree—great-hearted, sure of their position, old fashioned English gentlemen—like Whigs and Tories, their ranks are thinning every day. These mastiffs should belong to that notable conference which alas! no longer meets at The Hague to try to spread Peace over this warring, tragic world.

They actually smile and roll aside like portly sailors to avoid stepping on the airy trifles known as toy Pekinese and Pomeranians. Sometimes they give an immense, deep sounding *wow!* which makes the little creatures jump with nervousness, and emit a whole gamut of shrill, irritated barks, then fearfully rush to their mistresses, and safely snuggle themselves up in rich jackets and furs. And there are important looking black poodles, beribboned and beautifully shaved, with fine woolly rosettes reposing on their black skins. Tails trimmed to a tiny plume, and wagging patronizingly to their friends as they pass.

Little, flossy, shining gray and orange Yorkshire terriers.—How I love all of this family, so

full of character, and their own individual ways. —Oh, Mr. Phelan, dear little Mr. Phelan, a noble scion of this species, who died in March, how much happiness you gave me,—and big, broad-faced, tender, kind, gnarled, and knotted bull dogs,—how they get into the core of the hearts of their masters! An old Irishman who kept a hotel in Dublin closed it for four days when his bull dog died.

On a certain sunny morning in late November, under a blue sky, and by a blue sea, every dog in Brighton was taking a promenade, and among them all the personality of Max Gladstone O'Connor stood out, and he was a noticeable gentleman. A trifle dandified in dress, his silky hair brushed to brilliancy and wearing a silver collar, he carried himself with great dignity, not even nodding to one among the world of dogs, although he liked seeing them.

Shivery, tiny ones in Paris coats, with scraps of pocket handkerchiefs, almost induced the Wolff grin; but he restrained himself and passed on.

He never voluntarily spoke to another dog in his life, and if one said good-day to him, no matter how charming or friendly the greeting, he acknowledged it briefly, and went his way.

Very often, on account of his noble, contemplative expression, he was appealed to, and appointed umpire in a dog fight; but he considered all street brawls vulgar and ill-bred, and when a dog preparing for a duel ran up to him and pointed out the other dog waiting for combat with bristles stiffened on his back, Max raised his fine eyebrows, in cynical protest, made a wide circle about the warriors and traveled away, as fast as dignity would allow. If a dog was sick or in trouble, that was another matter, then he was kind friend and faithful nurse, but dogs as dogs did not interest him.

One night after he had been with us a few months he went out at seven o'clock for a little airing, and never came back. It was dreadful weather in January, raining, sleeting, and very cold. At eleven o'clock I called and whistled, there was no sound or sight of him, the street was empty and I finally closed the door with a very heavy heart. Although his collar bore a full inscription,

Max, T. P. O'Connor's friend,
38 Grosvenor Road, S. W.

surely that would bring him back, if only for the reward, but I felt disappointed in him, he seemed

so wise, and it was positively stupid to get lost after his last experience.

I slept badly, and asked Annie the moment she fetched my tea if there was any news of Max. She said no, and I dressed, wrote out a description of him, slipped on my waterproof, as it was still raining, and started for the nearest police station. Walking down Grosvenor Road, toward Westminster, I passed an untenanted house, and there on the doorstep sat Max, wet and bedraggled, beside a sick dog, who, stretched at his feet, was breathing heavily. Max stooped his noble head and licked him. Lifting it, he saw me, and gave a whole series of joyful, explanatory barks. He knew that relief had come, and he told me why he had been out all night.

I got a policeman to carry the dog to the Dogs' Home, and, notwithstanding the painful associations connected with that institution, Max followed behind, saw the homeless stranger safely sheltered, then ran back to Grosvenor Road, too fatigued to eat, but drank thirstily of water, and slept all the rest of the day.

The policeman on night duty told my Annie that at nine o'clock he had seen Max seat himself by the helpless stray spaniel, and every hour, when he passed on his rounds, my dear lad was

still keeping faithful watch, and occasionally stooping his dear head to give the sick dog a lick of encouragement and of cheer.

Max was full of sympathy and tenderness for man or beast in trouble, but his genius made him solitary. His great superiority placed him apart. He was so nearly human in intelligence, so contemplative and understanding, that I always cautioned the family never to mention the word dog in his presence, not being certain that he knew he was one.

Oh, my constant companion of many years, it was not only your Missy who found you peerless among your race, but the many friends who knew and loved you.

The shops are things of splendor on the King's Road, in London by the sea. Thackeray, who loved Brighton, speaks of them with commendation. Possibly the Marquis of Steyne found more than one expensive bauble on "the front" to please the critical taste of Becky Sharp.

Now great jewelers, displaying immense translucent pearls, pigeon-blood rubies, flawless emeralds, strings of diamonds, and splashes of rainbow opals, alternate on that long street by the sea with antique shops whose windows are filled by exhibits of such beauty and probity—they will

furnish you both pedigree and guarantee—that even the veriest tyro is safe to buy.

Like Henry Ward Beecher, I love jewels, their purity and depth of color, their high lights and faceted brilliance fascinate me. And, more even than precious stones, I delight in enamels, carved crystals, cups of jade, specimens of peachblow, painted snuff boxes—with perhaps a grain of Pocahontas snuff clinging in a crevice—icons of bold Russian colors, little figures of ivory, brown with age, standing on a base of onyx or *lapis lazuli.* Luster, light as a cotton boll, with the iridescent tints of a century playing on its warm brown glaze. All these beautiful objects are to be seen through the great revealing sheets of glass in the shop windows on the King's Road.

And, in other windows, old historic furniture, with reticent brass handles and fine-grained wood, satin smooth from the careful polishing of many hands—what a pleasure to look upon its fine proportions—and Indian red cabinets of priceless lacquer, and rare old English mirrors, and delicately colored steel engravings, "Early Spring in Devonshire," "The Harvesters," "A Hillside in Kent," beckon you from the sea to view their mellow attractions.

Max became a perfect expert in jewels and antiques. The faintest sparkle in a shop window, and he sat down opposite the diamond twinkle prepared to discover a stone of purest water. And he waited contentedly any length of time, if I lingered before pearls, amethysts, diamonds, emeralds or rubies.

Running ahead of me, when I passed without stopping, before a shop of his selection, having seated himself in front of the window, without getting up, he would look over his shoulder, saying: "There are some good things here; you better come see. No? All right," and, with a lingering glance at a ring or a pendant, he ran to overtake me.

How suspiciously he would regard a tablet marked "Genuine Queen Anne," sit down before it, and become quite immovable, while he measured its height, the slender legs and the color of the wood, with the knowing eye of an intelligent buyer. He had also a very pretty appreciation of old china and antique silver candlesticks.

One morning he was sitting entranced before a beautiful chest of drawers, and a fine sofa when a gentleman in passing laid his hand on my dear lad's head and said: "Hepplewhite your specialty, old man?"

Max looked up, and said quite plainly: "Yes, I understand all periods of English furniture," then gracefully yielded his place to the connoisseur.

Another day he was examining a few fine jewels on a red velvet cushion. A tall, beautiful, sad lady, in mourning, stooped and kissed his head. When Max looked up and acknowledged her caress with a pianissimo bark, she smiled and said: "Do you want a crown of diamonds, you darling dog? I'm sure you deserve it," and, turning to me, she continued: "He's so like a collie I gave to a friend in Scotland. I had to part with my home and—my dog." Max heard the trouble in her voice and laid his head against her hand.

She was silent for a moment, and almost touched to tears; then she said cheerfully: "I must not make an exhibition of myself on the King's Road before a strange lady. They divine everything, these companions of ours." And she looked down tenderly at Max.

"They even make their mistresses understand." I held out my hand, she placed hers in it, and we shook hands right heartily over his dear head. "Ships that pass in the night," for I never saw her again, though I looked for her many days.

I wanted to tell her that my old lad's name was Max.

There never was such a softener of obdurate hearts as he. Never any dog, and few human beings possessed of such boundless tact. We were together one evening traveling on the underground. A pale, worried, dyspeptic-looking man got in at Kensington Station, seated himself opposite us, pushed his hat wearily back from his forehead, unfolded a newspaper and began to read. Max jumped down from his place beside me, sat himself in front of the stranger, and laid his paw gently on his knee. There was no notice taken of him. He tried the other paw on the other knee. Still there was no response. He then jumped lightly onto the seat beside the gentleman and leaned against his shoulder. The man read on. Max leaned more and more trustingly toward him but the obdurate individual completely ignored him. The minutes were slipping by—we were to get out at Sloane Square, when, quite gently and softly, Max dropped his silky paw on the man's opened newspaper.

He turned to find my old lad smiling a dear and amiable smile in his very face.

"You've conquered, old fellow," he said, shak-

ing hands with him. "I don't like dogs, but if they were all like you I'd bless the tribe."

Twenty-five years ago it was difficult to find furnished houses in Brighton. Many great English landlords and well-to-do Londoners were quite content to spend their winters there, instead of as now going to the South of France, to Italy, and even farther afield to Egypt.

At this period the English were more home-staying than those of the present day. A cozy house, not too far from "the front," open English fires, long walks over the health-giving downs, which even in mid-winter are emerald green, was considered a very pleasant thing to do, as indeed it was and still is.

Every variety of carriage passed up and down the wide King's Road. The family barouche, swinging lightly on its perfectly poised springs, smart victorias, high dog-carts, little governess's carts of shining basket work, filled with rosy children, trig footmen driving the well-rounded, steadily going ponies, gay parties of equestrians and fine mounted policemen here and there to keep order, completed the quickly moving and picturesque scene.

Now mounted policemen are unnecessary, for

the populous splendor of the road has passed. The opulent rich only occasionally patronize Brighton during the autumn, while a quarter of a century ago the season was gay and crowded. The smaller houses were so much in demand that I had to wait until just before Christmas for what I wanted, and Max and I went to a characteristic hotel, now also a thing of the past.

It was kept by a man who modelled himself—and he was no mean copy—upon the polite and old-fashioned, well-bred members of the English aristocracy.

His hotel, year after year, had been liberally patronized by them. His port and his wines were unimpeachable. He considered advertising vulgar and demeaning. The recommendation of his faithful guests filled his house. And it was really a most home-like and agreeable old place.

For many years he had been to every titled sale in Brighton. There were cabinets that had belonged to Lord So-and-So, vases that had been bought at Lady So-and-So's sale, luxurious sofas that had belonged to Sir John—a Scottish baronet, and one cherished table of satinwood which once adorned the boudoir of a dowager duchess.

There were splendid, old, heavy, brocade curtains, thick carpets on the floors, and, in spite of

the very distant relationship of each heterogeneous object, the sunny rooms presented an interesting and pleasing appearance.

The proprietor himself was part of the scheme, neat, well groomed, trim, conventional, and correctly dressed for every occasion. Pleasant, cheerful looking tweeds for the morning, not too new—he wore his clothes easily like a gentleman—a slightly more dignified garb for the afternoon, beautiful fitting full dress for the evening, and, like Mr. Chamberlain, he always wore an orchid for his button-hole.

"My aim," he said, with his imitated county accent, "is not so much to keep an hotel, as to make a permanent home for ladies and gentlemen.

"Lady Tenterton, from Berks, has been with me seventeen winters. She brings her own butler, and has her meals served in her private dining-room.

"Major McGillicuddy has been with me eight winters, and says"—like the Irish he's fond of his joke—"that he will come as long as my port lasts"—the Irish major's wit was military—"I bought the entire cellar of the late Lord Haversford, so the major is likely to be with me for many y'ars."

How he came to extend hospitality to such an undistinguished person as myself I don't know. Perhaps it was because of Max, whom he loved at first sight.

And, while Max was grateful for his affection, he was made uncomfortable by Mr. Janeway's lack of tact.

No one had ever talked either dog-talk or baby-talk to Max. His dignity and intelligence forbade it; but our first day at the hotel Mr. Janeway said to him: "Go wid Simpkins and get oo din-din." Max first shivered with disgust, and then gave a sensible protesting bark.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Janeway. "Isn't he hungry?"

"Oh, it isn't that," I said. "Max is a dignified statesman. You might just as well have asked Mr. Gladstone or an American Senator if he wanted his din-din."

"I beg your pardon, Max," said Mr. Janeway. "Simpkins will serve your dinner in the butler's pantry. Please allow him to show you the way."

Max accepted the apology, amiably wagged his silken tail, and trotted off at once for his dinner.

Mr. Janeway, in the most correct riding kit, at exactly eleven o'clock in the morning, mounted

a large, showy, safe, conventional-minded horse, with no desire to dance the tango or to do any other fancy steps, but just to amble steadily and monotonously to the downs and back.

Max, waiting at the door, watched Mr. Janeway mount, and swung along behind the middle-aged hunter in a long stride, returning in great spirits and smelling of the sea, for often his friend dismounted at Rottingdean, threw a piece of driftwood on the top of a receding wave, and Max valiantly swam out, and joyously brought it back.

Mr. Janeway was not only proud of his hotel, but of the length of time his servants had been in his employ.

"My housekeeper," he said, "has been with me twenty y'ars, my head chambermaid fourteen, the boots ten, and my butler seventeen. I even trust him with the keys of my cellar."

And Simpkins looked it. All that was visible of him, face, neck and hands being a rich, deep, purple red.

"Simpkins," Mr. Janeway continued, "has only been in two places. He began as first footman in one of the best county families of Suffolk, and then came to me. And now, I try not to let him know it, but I couldn't do without him."

OOD DOG! A RAT. BRAVO. A RAT!"

When eight o'clock came, Simpkins, very important in evening attire—he didn't wear, but he looked an orchid—waited at the dining-room door, civil and soft of speech, to welcome and elaborately seat each guest.

Max approvingly watched him from the drawing-room. He always recognized good manners, and patronizingly liked the plum-colored butler who gave him plentiful "din-dins," but I think Simpkins and I understood each other from the first. His sly little watchful eyes betrayed his unreliable character, and he was outrageously lazy. If the fire in the drawing-room burned low, and there was no footman about to put fresh coals on, Simpkins would let it burn to ashes. His greatest accomplishment, and one that he really enjoyed, was serving a mediocre bottle of wine, with such an air, and in such a way, as to give it a flavor of the finest vintage.

One morning a cold kept me indoors. My own room was without sun, and the drawing-room was empty, so I sat in an easy chair by the fire, reading a book. It was a cold, bright day—the fire burned quickly, the shovel had been forgotten, and to lift the heavy, old-fashioned, brass scuttle was impossible.

Mr. Janeway had gone for a ride. Max, on

account of my indisposition, had regretfully declined to accompany him.

It was the hour for English servants to partake of that meal called "a second breakfast," which keeps them from starvation until half past one o'clock, when they have dinner.

The fire burned low. Gray ashes filled the hearth. I rang the bell. Max got up and barked loudly. It was the only sound that broke the silence. I rang again. He barked again.

At last Simpkins appeared, reproachfully wiping the froth of morning beer from his thick lips.

"Did you ring, mum?" he said softly.

"Yes," I said. "I've been ringing for quite twenty minutes. The fire is almost out. You will have to bring kindling wood or else it will never burn."

This meant for Simpkins a trip on his gouty feet to the basement and back again.

He pondered the situation, and retired from the room, closing the door behind him with becoming quietude. Max and I gazed at the dying fire and waited.

He returned in a very few minutes and, instead of kindling wood, he carried in his shaky hands, a large cut glass decanter filled with fine sweet olive oil. Advancing slowly he fixed me

with an eye of intelligence which said: "You already suspect me, so I have not much to lose in your estimation and you won't betray me. Your motives may not be high, but indifference prevents your making mischief, so here goes a cruse of oil." And with that he boldly poured the rich, golden fluid on the fading coals.

They blazed up bravely, making rose and opal tinted flames.

Max barked almost fiercely to see such wicked waste. Simpkins then lifted the generous brass scuttle, reinforced the fire, and silently retired.

Max, muttering, accompanied him to the door, where Simpkins paused to turn and give a last intelligent, comprehensive glance toward me.

"I am not mistaken," the tail of his eye said. And I answered silently: "No, I am not your mistress nor an informer." And Max gave one short final bark of protest, then forgivingly licked his hand.

When Mr. Janeway came back from his ride —it was then lightly snowing and he had encountered a biting wind on the downs—there was a splendid fire, and, as he held out his chilled hands toward the glowing coals, he said: "Now, this is what I call comfortable; it's a regular Simpkins blaze. He never lets the fire go down."

I felt like a conspirator. Max gave a protesting whine, and my voice sounded flat when I said: "Simpkins seems to be an institution."

"Yes," said Mr. Janeway, "Simpkins is the hotel—a most trustworthy person. He understands the gentry and county people. He never makes a mistake. If a bounder came to the hotel, even if his appearance deceived the clerk, Simpkins would know at a glance, and the rooms would all be occupied. Of course his ideas are on the scale of a gentleman. He is not a penurious servant. He might, for instance, be more economical with oil."

Max barked loudly, and became greatly excited.

"Be quiet, old fellow," said Mr. Janeway, smiling, "what do you know of salad oil?" Max beamed with intelligence, and licked my hand, saying quite plainly: "We know all about Simpkins and salad oil, but it is not for us to tell."

"There is no Frenchman," said Mr. Janeway, "who makes a better salad dressing than Simpkins. All my people, even those with high-priced men cooks, acknowledge that he makes incomparable salads. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, but just in pleasantry I said to him

yesterday: 'Do you, by any chance, bathe yourself in olive oil, Simpkins?' And he was terribly upset. He almost wept, and I had to explain it was only a joke, and that I knew he was a good chap and thoroughly trustworthy."

Max almost smiled, walked across the fur rug, sat down in front of Mr. Janeway, looked up in his face protectingly, raised his paw and gently placed it on his friend's knee.

"You," he said with his luminous eyes, "are the good chap—the good, trusting, simple chap."

Mr. Janeway laid his hand over Max's soft paw, and thoughtfully regarded his speaking eyes.

"He understands everything, Mrs. T. P., this wonderful fellow. He is pitying me. You, who translate his thoughts, tell me why?"

"He is sorry that he couldn't go riding on the downs to-day, and is apologizing," I said mendaciously, and, fleeing from the temptation of frankness, I got up, called Max, and started to leave the room.

"I've got a new cask of oil on the way from Italy. A former client living there sends it to me," said Mr. Janeway. "Don't you want a couple of dozen when Simpkins bottles it?"

"Indeed I do," I said. "Thank you, very

much. I've never tasted fresher, better oil anywhere," and, with a somewhat uneasy conscience, Max and I went upstairs.

Colds are only temporary things in "Doctor Brighton." Very soon mine was cured, and Max and I began our long afternoon walks together over the downs toward Rottingdean.

Sometimes we made a detour, turned off the main road, and followed the path to Ovingdean, a tiny village, so sweet, so sleepy, and well protected of a windy day in its little green hollow.

Max loved the cozy farmhouse, where we had tea in the low-ceilinged, clean kitchen. He sat on a tidy rug made of rags in front of a blazing fire, between two big, dozing cats, who did not exist for him. He scorned even to look at cats. And, understanding his attitude of aloofness, they were not disturbed by his presence.

While the rosy handmaiden laid the cloth, sliced thin bread and butter, placed the marmalade on the table, and made the tea, Max, cheerfully alert, got up and followed her about the room; and, when I seated myself, stood by the table expectant, but never greedy, not even when he dribbled at the sight of fresh country cheese. It was nature's manifestation, which he would have prevented if he could.

When we resumed our walk, and got to the top of the hills, where we could see the beautiful old windmill which Burne-Jones gave the little hamlet of Rottingdean, Max always left me to get a view of it, for there was never a greater lover of beauty; sometimes he would stand with his luminous eyes fixed on a beautiful sunset, as if he was looking far, far beyond the blaze of color, then turn to me with a noble bark of appreciation.

CHAPTER VII

MAX DISCOVERS A ROMANCE

One morning, as I left my room and came down the stairs, on the second landing Max left me, and entered a suite of rooms. I waited. Presently he came out, but went back again, and two or three times repeated his little journey, so finally I followed him, walked down the hall, found the door open, and Mr. Janeway and the maid servants busily engaged in giving the drawing-room a most festive appearance.

The windows were hung with new lace curtains. There were fresh flowers in all the vases. The writing-table, which once belonged to a Duchess, had actually been brought from the large drawing-room, and was furnished in fine mauve paper and envelopes, a silver inkstand and a bouquet of violets.

"Dear me," I said, "are you preparing for royalty, Mr. Janeway?"

"No," he said, "the rooms are for a honeymoon couple. The bride is an old friend of the

hotel. She spent eleven winters with us, and her marriage is very unexpected and romantic."

"That's why I begged you to come," barked Max. "I knew something unusual was attached to all these flowery decorations."

"And the bride and bridegroom arrive today?" I asked.

"Yes; the marriage ceremony," said Mr. Janeway, "is now being performed in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and, after the reception at Buckingham Palace Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge take the one-fifty-five train for Brighton. When she first came here Mrs. Dandridge was companion to a rich widow lady of decidedly trying habits and disposition: but Miss Browne had the patience of an angel. Men servants and maid servants and ladies' maids came and went, but she, although sorely tried, remained at her post, and, when her employer finally died, she left a brief will leaving her faithful companion her sole heir.

"After her employer's death, in spite of her good fortune, Miss Browne went all to pieces. The old lady had allowed the trained nurse to do nothing for her. It was always day and night —'I want Connie. Tell Connie to come to me!' So, when Miss Browne went to her sister's house

in London, ill from nervous prostration, for weeks she was confined to her room, and never asked a question about her large inheritance. A great weakness and indifference had for a time destroyed her interest in life.

"Mr. Dandridge, about fifteen years younger than Miss Browne, fell in love with her in this very room, when he came here for the winter with his mother. He was only twenty-one then, and she treated him like what he was—a boy—and wouldn't hear of marrying him. But he did what he said he would, and what nobody expected: he kept faithful. And every year he spent Christmas and Easter in Brighton, and came every day to see Miss Browne.

"She was a pretty little woman, with a white skin, heavy red hair, and she never looked or seemed her age. Her sister, a Mrs. Edmund Harding, always spent the holidays here, too. She was a widow of small means, a very good-looking, agreeable lady, and I made special terms for her, on account of Miss Browne, who was devoted to her sister. She paid for the schooling of her eldest nephew, and gave the young lady of seventeen her dress allowance.

"Mrs. Harding had three children, and I fancy Miss Browne's lady did a great deal for all the

family. As the years went by their Aunt Connie might have married Mr. Dandridge, for he was getting older, too, but she didn't, thinking she owed a duty to her sister."

Max's eyes, very bright, were fixed on Mr. Janeway's face, and I am convinced he understood all that was said. Giving a quick, pianissimo bark, he said: "Go on, go on; we are both waiting to hear the end."

"Mrs. Harding nursed Miss Browne faithfully while she was so ill, and insisted on doing everything for her," said Mr. Janeway, "without the assistance of a nurse, and there were several doctors, strangers to her, who came repeatedly and tired her with insistent questions.

"Her nerves mended slowly, but she did gradually improve, and one day, when her sister had gone to do some shopping, she got out of her bed, slipped on a dressing-gown, and went down stairs. The drawing-room was warm and pleasant. She sat by the fire until she was rested, got up feeling better, and went to her sister's writing-table, intending to write Mr. Dandridge a note, saying that at last she was well enough to see him.

"When she opened the desk, she saw a folded paper with her own name upon it, and, without

any great surprise or interest, she unfolded it and read an order for her incarceration in a private mad-house. The paper was sworn to, and certified by the strange doctors who had talked with her, and as a dangerous lunatic she was to be removed from her sister's care that afternoon.

"The shock made her sick and faint, but the instinct for self-preservation steadied her to rally all her forces. The most hideous of life's realities faced her—treachery and imprisonment for life. The awful proof was grasped in her trembling hand. She felt too weak to go upstairs; she was afraid to ring the bell and ask the assistance of a servant. She hadn't a penny. If God would only give her strength to get out of the house!

"She wavered to her feet, got to the hall, slipped on her nephew's overcoat to cover her dressing-gown, pulled a soft felt hat down over her face, and, as the front door closed, heavenly assistance came around the corner in a slowly moving cab. She motioned to the cabman, got in, and told him to drive to No. 10 The Temple, Mr. Dandridge's chambers. When she got there, with the certificate of her madness still clenched in her hand, and was shown in his private room, at last she gave way, and lapsed into alarming unconsciousness. When she opened her eyes,

Mr. Dandridge had read the paper, and said: 'Don't say one word. I understand everything. There's a carriage at the door. I'm taking you to my mother at Wimbledon.' "

Max frisked delightedly about the room. "And lived happy every after," he joyously barked.

"Be quiet, laddie," said Mr. Janeway. "This story's nearly finished. Then you can take your Missy for a walk. Many doctors say Wimbledon is as health-giving as Brighton. Of course that's pure nonsense, but Miss Browne got well there, and became engaged to be married there, and is going there to live at the end of her honeymoon, which she is spending in Vernon Hall."

"I do so love those rare stories of real life that finish as they should. She is going to be happy, isn't she, Mr. Janeway, in spite of the difference between the ages of her husband and herself?" I said.

"In his case it is quite all right," said Mr. Janeway. "Mr. Dandridge ain't everybody's taste, but he's a steady, good young man, of fixed habits. He has his bath every mornin' at seven-thirty to the tick. He won't read a newspaper, if it's even been unfolded in the office. And if

he hadn't married Miss Browne he never would have married anybody. She's a twelve years' habit. Even if he wanted to, he can't change; it ain't in him."

Max looked at me anxiously. This description of Mr. Dandridge rather dampened our enthusiasm.

"But will he make her happy?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Janeway, "he certainly will. She don't see him with my eyes or yours. She's in love with him. She's always been in love with him. And, more than that, she's used to bein' put upon. She won't mind his little set ways."

"Come, Max," I said. "After all it's a joyful world. See how the sun is shining. We'll walk miles to-day," which we did, for, when we returned, the Dandridges were just stepping from a smart carriage. Mr. Janeway, Simpkins, and the housekeeper stood on the steps to give them welcome, and Max, barking his melodious loudest, ran to the bride and pleasantly licked her gray-gloved hand.

"Do you live here, old fellow?" she said, in a very sweet voice. "If you do, come upstairs with us." And Max leaped up the stairs to display a still warmer welcome when they entered their pretty sitting-room.

We were a fortnight in the hotel with the Dandridges. She discovered a certain kind of small, sweet biscuit, beloved of my dear old lad, and every afternoon at four o'clock, he was invited to tea with them. Mrs. Dandridge, who still looked rather frail, decided to stay in Brighton until the spring. Mr. Dandridge was to go to London twice a week. They were a very friendly, comfortable bride and groom, often asking Max and I to spend the evening with them, and we drove out to the Dyke together, and Gypsy Lee, in picturesque Romany costume, read our hands, and predicted with far-away eyes and a far-away voice that in two months Mrs. Dandridge would meet her future husband, and in three weeks Max and I would marry Mr. Dandridge.

The first of December I found a prettily furnished small house in Hove, and the lady, who had been obliging and considerate about various small details, after our arrangements were concluded, wrote and asked if I would accept as a guest her affectionate and amiable pug, Punch. He was accustomed to the house, and his walks on "the front," liked marrow and marmalade, would give no trouble, loved kind ladies, and would be a companion for Max.

Knowing how my dear lad always avoided

dogs, I should certainly have refused my hospitality to Punch, but, without waiting for a reply, my landlady had betaken herself to the Continent.

In the afternoon, when we rang the bell, Annie opened the door.

"It's a nice little house, mum," she said, "but we've had to send to London for a good many things. The cook had no stock pot nor custard molds."

"How particular servants are!" I thought. But at any rate the drawing-room looked charming, with a bright fire, an open piano, chrysanthemums of a rich hue on a lacquer stand, easy chairs drawn to a table piled with books, and Punch luxuriously sitting in a hole which he had made for himself in my landlady's best yellow-satin sofa cushion.

"Get down, sor," said Annie. Punch, with scorn on his wrinkled brow, sat as fixed as the pyramid.

"It's the third time I've tried to make him get off that sofa cushion," said Annie. "I never saw such an obstinate little beast."

"Well," I said, "don't forget it's his house, and his sofa cushion. We are only temporary lodgers, after all."

But, when I sat down in an easy chair, Punch at once left his bed of down, trotted across the hearth rug, jumped on my lap, and took immediate and complete possession of me. It was as if we had known each other in the palæozoic age. Or perhaps he was an instinctive judge of character, and knew that I could be managed by a firm will. And that small pug possessed a firm and continuous will. It was never intermittent, so he got all that he wanted.

Max loathed him on sight, and considered him innately common. Punch had, indeed, every quality that was most antagonistic to the noble nature of my self-controlled gentleman:

A greedy appetite; the brazen cheek of a commercial traveler; no realization of any class distinctions, and a desire for comfort, even at the loss of his self-respect.

On the King's Road, if I sat on an iron bench to rest, Punch, looking about, selected for his seat the silken lap of a lady in a bath chair, softened by a splendid fur rug. And rebuffs made no impression upon him.

Occasionally a lonely invalid was pleased to make his acquaintance, but more often than not a startled voice called out: "Here, chairman, take this dog away!"

The brusque manners of Punch were a continuous source of mortification to Max, who gradually grew to lag so far behind that he was in no way implicated in any of our ungraceful *contretemps.*

Punch was like a cockney tripper in his casual and sudden intimacies and his impudence. He always stopped and spoke saucily to every dog that he met on the street. Large, small, well-bred or mongrel, Punch curled his tail tight, and said:

"Now, keep your hair on, and don't dare me, whatever you do."

Big dogs smiled and lumbered on; smaller dogs looked sour, but dogs of his own size frequently engaged him in encounter.

He had any amount of courage, and fought his best, but, being fat and soft, he generally got the worst of it; and, like some human beings, never profited by experience, and continually plunged into fresh errors.

A limited number of democratic, annoying strolls by the sea with us were enough for Max. He got up early, went out for his exercise alone, spent the day with the Dandridges and returned home late in the evening.

"How can you leave your Missy like this?" I

asked him. "You never used to leave her, if you could help it, and now you are never at home."

Max gave a protesting bark, with his eye fixed steadily on Punch.

"There," he said, "is the odious reason for my absence. It's your affair, and my grief. I don't complain. He has been impudent and insulting to me scores of times, and I scorn to bite him—but to stay in the same house with him, even for you, never! I would prefer to die."

And the poor, exclusive lad, with all the tastes and manners of a refined gentleman, grew more and more depressed as the days went by. He tried Christian Science on the situation, saying, when he observed Punch lying in the very middle of the hearth rug: "There is no such thing as material matter." But "silent treatment" so infuriated Punch that always when he experienced it, he nipped Max on the ear as an indefensible argument against Science.

And the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning the fat warrior was with me, never giving my old lad and his Missy a chance to see each other alone.

There never was a dog with less delicacy of feeling or tact than Punch. No matter how

tragic my nights were from insomnia, he came to my room—I slept with my door open, as, when I had tried it shut, he scratched persistently and maddeningly until I got out of bed and opened it—jumped on my pillow, placed his cold, wet nose against mine, and waited for me to open my eyes. I could pretend to be asleep for ten minutes, and he would not budge, nor would his nose. There he stood, breathing heavily, and saying quite plainly: "If this make-believe amuses you, I'm game to play it as long as you like."

Whether he had any depth of feeling, I don't know, but he was very human and affectionate, and he loved companionship.

I used to explain to Max that he was a silly little dog, and that my duty required me to look after him, but I fear our happy and close relations would have been sadly strained only for Punch's foolish daring, and terrible punishment. Having perfect faith in his own judgment—which was of the worst—he always acted upon it. When he started to do a thing, neither calls, nor threats, nor the wave of a dog whip deterred him. His small, round, wrinkled head contained the obstinacy of a strong young donkey.

One day, when we started for a walk, I noticed that his mood was very belligerent, and re-

peatedly warned him. Several large dogs looked serious at his insulting remarks, and, when he nipped at their huge jowls, growled, but passed on.

"Do you see that?" he would say to me, his tail curled on his fat back like a neat sausage. "Fools! They don't dare to bite me. It wouldn't be playing the game. I'm little, they're big—I shall take advantage of the situation."

"You had better look out," I said to him. "You'll meet your Waterloo." And he did.

At that very minute, a large, red-eyed, ill-favored, slouching crusty brown dog passed along. Punch made an exceedingly insulting remark to him. The dog rumbled like thunder. Punch ran around to the rear and nipped his drooping, mangy tail. Then the mongrel turned, with a roar like a lion, seized poor Punch by the back of his thick neck, and shook him like a leaf. I screamed and brought my whip down on him with all my might. He dropped Punch with a howl, and ran away, leaving the surprised warrior, as I thought, dead, for he lay perfectly still, bleeding at my feet.

"Punch!" I cried. "Little Punch! Oh, poor little Punch!" The sausage tail quivered.

"He isn't dead," a gentleman who was passing

said, "but he's pretty badly hurt, madam." And lifting him up, he put him in my arms, and I got in a cab and told the cabman to drive to the best veterinary surgeon in Brighton, and if he drove quickly I would give him double fare.

There was an ugly, jagged wound, which was bleeding, in the little dog's neck, and two deep, purple-red holes near the spinal cord, where the cowardly assassin's eye teeth—for he was three times the size of Punch—had penetrated almost deeply enough for his final undoing, when, like Mercutio, he could have said: "No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

The veterinary surgeon was luckily in his hospital, and made instant preparation to dress the wound.

"Can you save him?" I asked tearfully.

"Yes," said Doctor Dobson, "if the other dog's mouth was clean. The little chap's in a pretty bad way, and he's rather fat and gouty. His family are always fond of the pleasures of the table, but if he escapes blood poisoning he'll be all right."

"Will he be in the hospital long?" I asked.

"Yes," said the doctor. "You wouldn't diet him, and his blood must be kept cool."

Poor Punch lifted very heavy eyes to me. When I left him he looked as if he had received an unforgetable lesson.

Max was on the steps to joyously greet me, whether he had seen the accident, or knew by intuition that Punch was not with me, I don't know, but cheerful and confident he never left me the next day, and our happy, close companionship was at once resumed.

I met the Dandridges on the street, and they said: "What has become of Max? He never comes to see us any more." And I told them Punch had nearly met his death, was in hospital, and that Max had resumed his home life. Poor Punch! There was fever in his wound, and it healed too slowly for him to return to his home before we went back to London. As we were on the way to the station I told the driver to stop by Doctor Dobson's. I wanted to say good-by to Punch.

One of the men brought him to the carriage, and I shall never forget the look of horror on Max's face, when he caught sight of the now quite shapely warrior, whimpering with joy and struggling to get to me. Evidently he was under the impression that his enemy would accompany us to London, and he did something that oc-

curred only once afterward in the whole of his self-controlled life. He threw back his noble head, and howled and howled, a heart-broken protest against the adoption of Punch.

"Don't, Max," I said. "Don't give way like this. I've only come to say good-by to little Punchy."

The man laughed. "He don't love the little chap, do he, mum?"

"No," I said, "he feels very strongly about Punch."

Max, in anguish, had ceased to howl, but was still whimpering and showing flashes of his teeth.

The man, looking at my dear lad, said: "He looks like a Christian, that dog. He's worth a dozen of the little 'un."

"Take him," I said, holding out Punch. "His mistress will be pleased. You have given him quite a slim figure."

"Yes'm," the man said. "He's bucked up since he ain't been overfed. He goes home to-morrow. Thank you, mum," and Punch was carried struggling and angrily snuffling away.

Max whimpered at intervals all the way to the station. The shock of seeing Punch again, and the possibility of a life spent with him had been exceedingly bitter.

I never saw Punch again. His mistress moved to the Midlands, but she wrote me that he became more careful, after his last battle, and he lived to a very great age.

CHAPTER VIII

MR. LABOUCHERE TELLS MAX A DOG STORY

Max spent a very happy spring. We had moved to Chelsea, and he made many friends in the neighborhood. All the cabmen at the cab-stand had a word for him, and hopefully he frequently got in a waiting vehicle and sat there, until the laughing cabby drove him up and down the Embankment. The milkman always gave him a saucer of milk in the morning, and at last he found a companion in one of his own race, a very intelligent Cocker spaniel, who lived around the corner and belonged to sweet little Mrs. Arthur Warren, a true dog lover and a long-time friend of Max's. The two dogs were congenial in their tastes, and held an important opinion in common, that one dog in a family was enough.

Abbie had been given a fine hobble-de-hoy of a St. Bernard, all good-nature and gentleness and flopping paws, and affection and trustfulness. He alternately licked Rip, and rolled him over in boyish delight, trying his best to give him

a taste for play, but Rip remained adamant, and was full of dark plots to get rid of the St. Bernard. He and Max were in the habit of crossing Albert Bridge, and taking long constitutionals in Battersea Park. The St. Bernard was always excluded from these agreeable strolls. One day Abbie said to him: "Take your big brother with you, Rip. He'll be so pleased if you let him go along." She didn't see the malicious joy in Rip's deceitful eye. His opportunity had come at last. He pretended to be tremendously pleased, and the two dogs went barking down the stairs, and late that evening Rip came home, footsore, weary and alone.

When Abbie said reproachfully, "What have you done with your big brother, you bad, bad dog?" he crept under the sofa, and, filled with guilt, hid himself.

The next morning a young farmer brought back the St. Bernard. He lived about five miles from London, and said he had seen the afternoon before two dogs enter his yard, and the spaniel seemed to be trying to interest the St. Bernard in chickens.

When he succeeded, the moment the big dog's attention was engaged the spaniel suddenly

dashed out of the yard and disappeared like lightning down the road.

"Evidently," said the man, "the little dog was trying to lose the big one."

Rip was so terribly depressed at the return of his large brother that his naturally sweet temper changed and grew morbid; his fine appetite failed, and Abbie, reluctantly yielding to his morbid jealousy, found another home for the St. Bernard.

When Rip was again monarch of all he surveyed he mended rapidly, and was once more a happy dog, with solid proof of being first in the affections of his mistress.

My dear old lad had great respect for Rip's stable qualities. He considered him a thinking dog, not like Punch, whose lack of judgment brought him such a disaster. I used often to see his black, plump, sleek friend in the garden, waiting for Max to accompany him on a leisurely walk down the Embankment.

One lovely morning in June I was walking through Grosvenor Square, when I observed an equipage waiting on some great lady the like of which is only to be seen in London. The large satin-smooth horses, jet black, were perfectly matched; the silver-plated harness glittered mag-

nificently; the long, melon-shaped barouche was lined in wine-colored satin; the coachman and footman, both big, fine-looking men, wore powdered hair, claret-colored broadcloth liveries, richly adorned with silver buttons, and high hats with silver bands and cockades. Conscious of their importance, they looked neither to the right nor to the left, but with proud eyes gazing into space remained immovable. Such magnificence could only be the product of an old picturesque and self-respecting aristocracy, possibly the carriage of royalty. Suddenly I missed Max. He seemed to have disappeared as if by magic, for he was not on either side of the street, and yet it had been only a moment since he was trotting by my side. I turned back, and, as I passed the carriage, looked up, and there he was, smiling and at ease, sitting in the back of the wine-colored barouche on the tufted satin seat.

"Max," I called, "get down at once and come along."

Those massive, self-important lackeys never winked an eyelash. They must have seen him get in the carriage, and certainly they saw him get out, but they made no sign.

And I am confident that, if a kangaroo had taken a flying leap into that opulent richness he

would have been treated with the same silent crushing pomposity. Max was thoroughly English; an aristocrat in his tastes, he loved pomp and splendor, and he enjoyed even a few moments in the gorgeous perfection of that princely equipage. Indeed he loved everything beautiful, and exquisite, and undoubtedly appreciated beautifully dressed people.

Pearl Craigie—much beloved, much lamented, "John Oliver Hobbes"—came one afternoon to see me. Wearing a white *crêpe de chine,* embroidered in silver *fleur-de-lis,* a silver girdle encircling her waist, and her black hat wreathed in roses, she looked the embodiment of youth, good looks and charming prosperity.

Max was tempted to a demonstration of affection by such loveliness. He got nearer and nearer to her diaphanous whiteness.

"Go away, Max," I said. "Pearl, don't let him touch you." But he and Pearl were good friends. With her white-gloved hand she encouragingly patted his head, and confidingly he laid it on her knee, making with his nose a wet mark on the delicate fabric of her dress. How distressed I was! But Pearl behaved as if silver *fleur-de-lis,* like berries, grew on bushes, and were to be had for the gathering. "Don't scold him,"

she said. "His admiration has carried him a little far, but the mark is sure to dry out," and luckily it did, for the next time we met she assured me that no permanent damage had been done.

A friend sent me an old tortoise who lived in the garden, and at first Max was very curious about him. He spent patient hours with his head drooped over the tortoise, waiting for him to move. Then slowly and softly he stepped after the gentle reptile, as he crawled across the garden, and again settled himself for observation.

After a year or two of companionship Max grew to have a positive affection for the tortoise, and, when the cold weather came, he would lift him, very, very gently in his mouth, bring him in the kitchen and deposit him in a safe dark corner.

One spring morning a foolish, curious, stray mongrel, with an investigating turn of mind, came into the garden, saw the tortoise and cracked him open. Max turned on him savagely, and there was a terrific fight, and, although dreadfully frightened, I ran out with a dog whip. But Max's ire, slow to rise, was not easily appeased. He gave the other dog a thorough thrashing, and, limping and bleeding, and howl-

ing with pain, he soon ran away. We buried the tortoise under a laburnum tree, and I promised Max another, but never got it after all.

To cheer him up the afternoon of the death of his friend I let him accompany me to a musical party given by Mrs. Jopling Rowe at her studio in Kensington. He knew that when music was being performed he was to be neither seen nor heard, and the moment we entered the room he hid behind an easel, which held a life-sized portrait of Lady Tree, in the misty rainbow robes of *Titania,* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and remained perfectly quiet to the end of the concert. Mrs. Labby and I left together. It was a wonderful June day. She dismissed her carriage, and we walked toward the Embankment, Max following sedately behind, and evidently he listened and understood the conversation, for reason, not instinct, must have guided his movements afterward.

"What are you doing to-night?" Mrs. Labouchere said. "Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am; T. P. is dining in the House," I said.

"Then," said Mrs. Labouchere, "you must dine with us. You needn't wear evening dress. There will only be Labby and me."

"I will come," I said, "with pleasure, but you must stop at my house first, an appointment to see a new cook will detain me just a few moments."

When we left Grosvenor Road for Queen Anne's Gate, Max, who had disappeared when we were not observing him, had not returned.

"Aren't you anxious about Max?" Mrs. Labby asked.

"No," I said, "he probably wanted to take a longer walk. He is so wise and knowing. He is sure to come back all right." He had been to Queen Anne's Gate only once before. I did not take him with me on my almost daily visits there, as Mrs. Labby's toy dog, a little morsel, of an inordinately jealous disposition, barked in an earsplitting falsetto, and was miserable, if he saw another dog.

When the butler opened the door to us he said to Mrs. Labouchere:

"A collie has been here twice, madam, scratching at the door. I turned him away a moment before you rang."

And just then Max appeared, trotting down the street.

"Here he is again," said the butler. And Max

bounded lightly up the steps, smiling and self-possessed.

"Why, Max," I said, "how did you find your way here?"

He licked my hand, and said: "You see, if I had gone to Grosvenor Road, there wouldn't have been a chance of my coming to Queen Anne's Gate, but, finding me on the doorstep, you can't very well send me home. I heard what you said to Mrs. Labby about dining with her. That's why I side-tracked, and got here before you." So Mrs. Labouchere's tan Pomeranian, Fritz, giving breathless barks of protesting rage, was sent upstairs to spend the evening with her maid, and Max laid down before the library fire.

After dinner Mr. Labouchere, who was the most consistently cheerful and equable person I ever knew, said to me: "You seem rather depressed to-night."

"Yes," I said, "I am." Max got up and laid his paw on my knee. "And it is for you to chase dull care away. Tell me an amusing story that will make me laugh."

"Very well," said Mr. Labouchere, "I'll tell you and Max a dog story." Max pricked up his ears, prepared to listen.

"When I was in Rome, in 18—, an attaché

of the English Legation, I formed a romantic and close friendship with the Marquesa di X——, a pretty and intellectual widow. She was by way of having a salon, and she lived in a large, roomy villa, with a garden in front and a flagged path which led to the street.

"One of her Thursdays an unusually large assemblage of people had bade the Marquesa good-night, but I remained behind to point out, that inadvertently she had shown a too flattering amount of attention to a good-looking, long-haired Scandinavian violinist. Her views and mine were diametrically opposed, about the fiddler. I launched forth with great eloquence to prove my case until the lateness of the hour surprised us both, and it was half past two o'clock when I left the house.

"The moon was shining brightly; the tall cypress trees cast long shadows across the path; there were clumps of shrubbery in the little garden, and I could not have gone many steps from the front door when an immense bulldog emerged from beneath a flowering althea, called halt!

"And I halted.

"He seemed to have the friendliest feelings toward me, so long as I stood stock still. But he resented any movement, no matter how slight.

It took me at least half an hour to furtively extract my pocket handkerchief. I did it as nearly like a sleight-of-hand man as possible, but, when I blew my nose, he threatened to tear me to pieces.

"I never understood, until those interminable, motionless hours, what bulldog tenacity meant. I tried cajolements, arguments, threats and curses. He remained muttering adamant.

"Finally I spoke to him in my most dulcet Italian:

"*'Tu sei buono èh . . . . molto buono . . . . buonissimo èh?'*

"But he was a true Briton, and threatened to slay me on the spot if he heard another word of that detestable foreign tongue. Wearily I changed from one foot to the other, but he soon stopped that, and obedient to his orders I stood on both feet quite immovable until five o'clock in the morning.

"When the milkman, butcher, and baker boys saw a gentleman standing in full evening dress, his opera hat under his arm—the bulldog liked me bareheaded—in the middle of the Marquesa's garden, they were transfixed with curiosity and astonishment. Apparently there was no reason

for this attitude, as the bulldog had retreated and sat concealed under a luxurious oleander.

"I hoped they might think a sculptor from the inside of the house was studying my pose, but, warily turning my head, in spite of threatening rumbles from the shrubbery, I saw that the shutters were all closed. The house was wrapped in slumber.

"The situation was becoming desperate. It is the duty of every English gentleman to die in defense of the honor of his lady love. I decided to die. Knights bedecked with broidered sleeves of ladies fair had fought to the death in jousts and tourneys, but not one of them, that I could remember, had been chewed to bits by a bulldog.

"I looked my horrible fate bravely in the face —he showed every tooth in his villainous head— nevertheless I cautiously turned. So did he, and, with a horrible growl, sat himself conveniently near for my next move.

"As romantic novelists say when the supreme crisis comes, I must have prayed. Anyhow, I shut my eyes, swung out my arms, and made a flying leap for the steps. One of my legs seemed weighted with a ton of pig-iron. It was the bulldog clinging to my trousers. Presently there was an agreeable rip, a feeling of lightness, and

the gentleman, with his mouth full of black broadcloth, waited beside me. He chewed slowly, as if hunting for shreds of my flesh. I rang the bell with persistence and desperation. The Marchesa prided herself on being a cosmopolitan. Her staff of servants included a dignified, haughty, conventional, English butler. When he answered the door, looking quite immaculate, he was apparently not more surprised to see me at five o'clock in the morning, than if it had been five o'clock in the afternoon. I took his cue, and said quite naturally:

"'Is the Marquesa di X—— at home?'

"'She is, sir,' he answered, 'but she's in bed, sir.'

"'Indeed,' I said, 'I'm surprised at that. When she gets up give her my card and say I called.' Taking a card from my pocket, I held it toward him, and, with the superb composure of a self-respecting lackey, he received it on his tray, and waited for me to go.

"Succulent chewing and snorts from the bulldog had somewhat interrupted our polite conversation. As I turned, a wet black ball fell on the marble steps. There was a rumble like a summer storm, and wide red jaws confronted me. Once more I stood still. Then I said in a

slightly emotional voice: 'You had better tie up this most excellent watchdog. I am not the least afraid of him—not the least. But somebody else might come along who would be, so I'll just wait and see you do it.'

" 'Don't you bother, sir,' said the butler. 'He likes a bit of fun, but he's as 'armless as a lamb. I'll tie him up after you've gone.'

" 'Oh,' I said airily, 'it's no trouble for me to wait. I am only taking a morning stroll, and have plenty of time.'

" 'Very well, sir,' said the butler, and for a moment there was a wicked gleam of intelligence in the eye of that self-contained menial. 'He's my dog, sir, and wouldn't hurt a hinfant, but I'll tie him up, sir, just to please you.' And, taking the lamb by the collar, he led him away, and I went home and wrote to my tailor for two stout pairs of broadcloth trousers. The Marquesa had a sense of humor, so I did not trust her with my adventure, but I did advise her to dismiss the bulldog and his keeper."

Max waved his silky tail, and curled his lips with enjoyment.

"And what," I said, "became of the Marquesa?"

"I can tell you," said Mrs. Labby. "I once

saw her on the lake of Como. She was so old she could scarcely walk. She wore a red wig to match her flaming, withered cheeks, and a diamond necklace in the daytime."

"Well," said Mr. Labouchere, "it has been a good many years since the episode of the bulldog."

"I should think so, indeed," said Mrs. Labby. "She didn't know you."

"Tant mieux," said Mr. Labouchere laughing. "I would have aroused sad memories; but believe me the Marquesa was once a beauty and a wit."

"I don't believe a word of it, do you, Max?" asked Mrs. Labouchere. Max barked pleasantly.

"Max is a diplomat," said Mr. Labouchere. "Listen to his noncommittal bark. He isn't going to take sides in family dissensions."

"The bulldog and the Marquesa have made me feel much more cheerful. It's a lovely story, and now we must have a cab and be getting home," I said.

The moment my dear lad heard the butler whistle for a cab he went downstairs and waited at the door. How polite he always was, never asking to go a moment sooner than suited my convenience.

CHAPTER IX

MAX SELECTS A HAT AND FINDS A RING

SHOPPING bores most men, and it would have bored my gentleman Max but for his keen desire to be with me under any and all circumstances. One morning I told him that we would both need patience, as I wanted a particular hat, for a particular occasion, and he joyously started off with me in the direction of Regent and Oxford Streets. We went in and out of a number of shops, but the hat of my dreams was not to be found. Finally we arrived at Madame Jeanne's, who was in those days the largest milliner in London.

The tall, young ladies, in black satin gowns, somewhat intimidating, and distinctly patronizing, made me almost shy, knowing how modest the price of my hat must be. The tallest of them, with a very superior dignity, conducted me to one of the large gilt mirrors, and, in a well-modulated voice, called a less important young person to bring an assortment of hats.

Max, meantime, was taking a general look around the shop, stopping before one hat stand, then moving on to another. He particularly liked a black hat, with a well-defined outline, graced with two softly curling ostrich feathers.

"I want you," I said, "to bring me the hat that Max is looking at." The girl, who was very pretty, at once became interested. She patted her curly locks, and said: "I don't see the gentleman, madam."

"It's my collie dog, and he is a gentleman, with quite a taste for hats," I said. "Don't you see him looking at that black one over there?" The girl smiled, swayed over to the pretty hat, balanced it on her hand, and, when she adjusted it on my head at a most propitious angle, I recognized the hat of my dreams. The price was far beyond my purse, although it was only three guineas, but two guineas was considered quite enough money then to spend upon a hat.

I put it aside regretfully, and Max wistfully followed the young woman, when she tilted it back on the stand.

"The shape of my own hat, which is quite new," I said, "is not unbecoming. Have you anything like it in black?"

The young woman smiled a superior smile.

"No, madam," she said crushingly. "*We* couldn't sell such a hat to our lidies. Gray is not worn at all, and it is very unsmart, and quite a last year's shaipe." She was a cockney. Max barked. He liked my hat. We had bought it together in Buckingham Palace Road, and it looked very nice with my gray suit.

I tried on hat after hat, until they were piled up on the shelf before the looking-glass into a perfect mountain of straw, feathers and ribbons. To make room for more, a stalwart young woman, still below the one in importance who waited upon me, gathered them all together and swept them away. Being engaged with a violet straw confection, which seemed to have possibilities, I did not notice that the young woman had embraced my hat with the rest, but Max did. He followed her anxiously and sat down near the window, where my hat, among the others, was put on show. I heard Madame Jeanne say: "There is your mistress over there, old fellow." But Max did not stir. Presently a lady came in, who said: "I want something rather smart, but quite simple, for the morning. I have only a moment to spare. Please hurry. There is a small, dark hat in the window that might do. Let me see it please."

I heard Max bark, but I did not turn to look, as the temptress waiting upon me had fetched the black feathered hat again, and placed it on my head at a still more becoming angle.

"It isn't dear," she was saying. "These feathers will last you several years. The straw is fine, and we can press it into a new shaipe next season. I don't want to press you, madam, but"—admiringly—"it's your hat."

"Well," I said faint-heartedly, "I can't decide to-day. I will come again."

The young woman's flattering hopefulness was at once succeeded by silent gloom. Max had barked a good deal, and gone with a lady to her carriage. He came back in a very excited condition, with eyes bright and anxious.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Don't be silly, Max. Please get me my hat," to the girl. Max looked at me reproachfully, and said: "Wait and you'll see. I know what I know."

There was a great search for my hat. But it was nowhere to be found. The shop by this time had a good many customers. I waited and waited, and still no hat.

"I certainly wore a hat," I said to the pretty cockney. "Don't you remember you said the shape was very *unsmart?*"

The young woman called her assistant. There was much talking and questioning in the back of the shop. Then Madame Jeanne advanced, looking rather worried, but wreathed in good, everlasting shop smiles.

"An unbelievable thing has happened, madame. A young assistant, who only came to us this morning, has sold your hat. The lady who bought it is unknown to us, and has driven away in her carriage with it. So, will you select, in the place of your own, any hat in the shop, and" —the smile really became charming—"and we will add a veil to it."

And, I am sure, quite sure, that Max tried to wink at me. Of course I selected the hat he liked, and we walked away together, having promised Madame Jeanne not to mention the curious *contretemps* which had occurred in her shop. Poor woman! She would have trembled if she had known that I was a journalist. Max, of course, she could trust.

That summer we went again to Germany, and Max and Saint Anthony (of Padua) got a valuable diamond ring back for me, which had been stolen by a fair-haired, rosy cheeked *mädchen* of sixteen. We lived in the house of an old German doctor, who was so fond of birds that the

windows containing huge cans of seed and water were never closed. And every bird in Germany at some time of the year foraged there for provisions. The garden was beautiful, and underneath my window sat an enormous cage containing a very old crow. He was said in his youth to have been a brilliant conversationalist, but a great disappointment—perhaps he had loved a flirtatious sea-gull—had soured him, and he had not spoken a word in twenty years.

Max liked him, and respected his force of will. He used to sit near his cage and bark his forte, fortissimo, piano and pianissimo bark. But the crow only looked at him with a cold eye of indifference. Once after he had strenuously barked the morning away Jacob opened his beak. I saw his sharp tongue, and waited for him to say, "Shut up!" but, wise and obstinate, with a firm click, he suddenly closed it again, and Max abandoned all idea of making him speak.

The end of my cure came. I had only one more bath to take. Max had gone into the forest with the Waldmann. I went to say good-by to Josephine Fiske. She had left her admiral in Japan, and with her daughter was spending the summer in Schwalbach.

"So you are going to-morrow?" she said. "I

wonder if you will get away without an adventure. You haven't had one this summer, and it's about time for the gods to chastise you."

The next morning a little girl from a dressmaker's brought a bodice to me. Max never spoke when she came in. His active, friendly tail drooped and he looked at her coldly. I remembered that afterward. He had such beautiful manners, always saying good-morning to everybody, that he must have instinctively distrusted the apple-cheeked maiden.

It was a lovely day. I heard Jacob cheerfully hopping about in his cage and leaned out of my window to speak to him.

"Jacob," I called. "Jacob, *guten morgen. Wie gehts dir Schwartz,* Jacob?" The sky was so blue, and the sunshine so bright that he opened his beak. I leaned farther out, hoping he would break his long silence, but he cocked his eye at me, and mischievously snapped his bill together.

They say a crow is an ominous creature. Certainly the moments I spent with Jacob wrought ill-fortune to me, and to the ruby-lipped *mädchen,* for my ruby and diamond ring, lying on the table, tempted her, and she slipped it into her pocket.

Max barked ferociously, and seized the girl

roughly by her dress. His eyes were blazing, and he quivered with excitement. When I turned my head, she was pale and trembling, and I could not imagine what had happened.

"Max, Max, let go. What do you mean, sir?"

"He's only in play—don't be frightened," I said to the girl, but he whimpered and whined, and even showed his teeth, trying to tell me what he knew. And, after I paid the bill, he followed her down the stairs protesting to the gate, and when we went down to the bath-house, still uneasy, he rushed up and down the hill a dozen times, barking at me with sympathy, and saying: "If I could only talk words and tell you what I've seen!"

At half past nine o'clock I returned to the villa and discovered the theft of my ring. It was one of those mysteries worthy of unravelment by a Sherlock Holmes, for the key of my door had been in my pocket when I went to my bath. No one had entered my room since I got up at eight o'clock in the morning except the dressmaker's errand girl, and, as she hadn't been left alone, to suspect her was out of the question. But without doubt I had seen the ring that morning.

"Oh, Max," I said. "I'm in such trouble. Something so queer and dreadful has happened."

How he tried to make me understand! Sitting up he placed both paws on my knees and his beautiful brown eyes burned with intelligence, while he turned his noble head from side to side, and, with short, breathless whines, said: "Think, think hard, dear Missy. Why did I bark? Why did I take hold of that girl's dress? Can't you understand?" But I trusted to my human intelligence, dropped a few bright tears on his head, told him the ring had belonged to my mother, to lose it would be like losing an old friend, and that I was afraid he couldn't help me. He licked my tears away, and was restless, telling me not to sit still, but to do something.

The first move was to tell the old German doctor of my loss.

He was wholly unsympathetic and even unbelieving.

"What was your ring worth?" he asked.

"Sixty or seventy pounds," I said. "It was an oblong ruby, set with old mine diamonds."

The doctor looked at me incredulously.

"There never was a ring of that price in the world," he asserted. "Never."

In his simple life he had scarcely left the small German village, and the rings he had seen, of

topaz and amethyst, could be bought for forty marks.

"Oh," I said, "I can prove the value of my ring, by a London jeweller, who once repaired it."

"Well, if there is a ring of such value," he said disagreeably, "and you had it, then you lost it at the spring. My entourage is beyond suspicion. My housekeeper is here since eleven years. My *dienstmädchen,* seventeen years. Hans is with me twenty. The matter is finished." And he got up to leave me. The hair on Max's back stiffened; there was a hard glint in his eye.

He made circles around the old doctor, not liking the tone of that deep German voice to his missy.

"Come here, Max!" I said. "The matter isn't finished, Doctor Bruck. I intend to get my ring." He made no answer, and went to the kitchen, from whence arose a terrible outcry:

"*Die Englishe dame. Sie ist unvershämt gewiss nicht! Es giebt nicht, so eine ring.* And in the doctor's house. No, I will never carry her any more hot water. What do these foolish English do with all their hot water, anyhow?"

Then other voices shrilly drowned the solo. There was a great commotion. The housekeeper

shrilly screamed, and was evidently on the verge of hysterics. I was looking out of the window. Jacob had opened his bill six times. Was he going to speak at last? And Max, with his tail waving like an angry feather, every muscle in his body taut, and fire in his eyes, darted back and forth from the kitchen to my room, ready for battle. He knew there were enemies, and he was prepared to defend me against an army.

"Come," I said. "Old lad, we will go to the American consul," who was a German, and proved scarcely more sympathetic than the irate old doctor.

I learned from him that an old Roman law prevailed in Germany, and a landlord was still responsible for the value of anything taken from the chamber of a guest. In all probability the Reichstag, he said, would repeal the law that winter. My old doctor was not so simple, after all.

"You will help me to find my ring, won't you?" I said to the Consul, almost in tears.

"If you haven't lost it yourself," he said suspiciously. And it was plain to be seen the mysterious disappearance of a ring in a locked room seemed to him an absurdity, and I felt distinctly depressed when Max and I left the consulate.

My wise old lad pointedly refused to walk in the Kur Garten, and, with a business-like air, started down the hill to the town, not troubling where I walked. I followed him, and he did look so pleased and superhumanly intelligent when he turned and saw me crossing the shaky little bridge which led to the poorer streets. Presently we met the golden-haired *mädchen,* who, when she saw us, turned scarlet. Max rushed toward her, barked threateningly, came back to me, passed her, stopped on the porch of her house, where her father was mending a bridle and insisted on going inside.

I was obliged to persistently call him: "Max, come here! Come here, I tell you!" What could he want? He was very devoid of curiosity. There was never a delicate-minded gentleman who attended more strictly to his own affairs than he. Usually during his walks, he trotted along without turning to the right or left. He was chary of making acquaintances. He loved cleanliness, and yet he had gone into a very untidy little house, inhabited by strangers—for what reason? And when he answered to my call, his tail and ears drooped with disappointment, and he wanted to go back again.

"Oh! dear, old lad, why can't you talk and

explain things to me?" I asked; but he was too depressed to answer and limply sauntered behind me, saying quite plainly: "Why are you so dense, my Missy? I say all I can to make you understand, but you don't Think."

On my way to the villa I ran in to see Josephine Fiske.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "Here is your adventure."

"And a very disagreeable and worrying one, too. It is sure to give me no end of trouble," I said, "and to delay my joining friends at Baden Baden."

Max and I were a very sober pair when we entered the villa, and I had scarcely taken off my hat before I heard voices in the hall and the *dienstmädchen* saying:

"Frau O'Connor's room is upstairs—the first to the right."

Heavy steps from ponderous feet followed her direction, a loud knock at my door, and, on opening it, there stood a monumentally stupid, fat, German policeman. He said: "Der Herr Consul has sent me to tell you and the Herr Doctor that to-morrow morning I come to search the whole house for Frau O'Connor's ring."

"What!" I said. "The Herr Consul never

told you to inform the house the day before you made your search."

"Ja, ja, gewiss, gewiss."

"Come in," I said. "My dog, by his extraordinary conduct, has made me remember that I put my head out of the window for quite five minutes, talking to Jacob, the morning the dressmaker's girl was here. My back was turned to her. I couldn't see what she was doing. Possibly she took the ring."

He looked at me with the pale-blue, expressionless eyes of a dead fish, and was perfectly silent.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" I asked him.

"Ja, ja. Gewiss, gewiss."

"And this afternoon Max led me straight to the house of the girl's father and mother. Doesn't that look very strange?"

"Ja, ja. Gewiss, gewiss."

"And I think you might," I said, "see the girl and question her."

"Ja, ja, gewiss, gewiss." And he lumbered downstairs, went into the kitchen and told them the exact hour for the arrival of the search party, and a perfect babel of shrieks and cries arose.

"Mein Gott in Himmel! The house is disgraced! The poor Herr Doctor! An impudent

English woman has called in the *Polizei. Mein Gott in Himmel!* The *Polizei* has walked up the steps of the Herr Doctor's house and defiled it, and for what—a glass ring!" And the housekeeper lay down upon the floor, drummed with her heels, and screamed with uncontrolled hysterics. Max joined in the *mêlée* of sounds by wildly barking, until I was perfectly deafened by the noise. And Jacob, after all his years of silence, was once again inspired to speech.

"Ach, Gott in Himmel!" he said, in a voice like a rasping hinge. *"Ho ho ha!"* The housekeeper shrieked. *"Die Polizei* in my kitchen! It is colossal!"

And Jacob, in a deep, rusty voice, repeated: *"Colossal, Jacob, colossal. Guten morgen, Jacob. Liebst du mich? Ha, ha, ho, ho! Guten morgen, Jacob. Colossal! Ha, Jacob. Liebst—Jacob. Guten morgen. Wie gehts? Jacob, wie gehts. Gott, Gott, colossal, Jacob. Wie gehts, dir."*

Max lifted up his silky ears; his feathery tail rotated with wild excitement. He listened to that inexpressibly weird voice dominating every other sound. His eyes grew large with intelligence. He knew that Jacob had broken his vow of silence, and the moment the door opened he ran

down the stairs, rushed like a whirlwind to Jacob's cage, and barked loud and hearty congratulations to the old crow.

When I rang the bell it was to find that I was boycotted. Not a servant stirred. And it was necessary for us to sup in an hotel. Max was so entranced with Jacob's conversation that he wanted to stay with the insurgents, and I had to say "Cheese" several times before he would leave his friend.

To get a wink of sleep was impossible. After his many years of silence Jacob naturally possessed a flux of conversation, which, with occasional pauses, he let off in the silent watches of the night, and I must say he was a trifle monotonous and distinctly egotistical, his remarks being addressed directly to himself. But, speak he did, and with persevering insistence.

"*Jacob, wie gehts? Liebst Jacob? Wie gehts? Bist du gut. Jacob, ja, ja! Schwartz, Jacob. Mein Gott, Jacob, du bist colossal, colos —colos*"—a very rusty and long-drawn-out—"*sal.*"

And Max considered it necessary to punctuate each strident and raucous remark of Jacob's with a loud, encouraging bark. He seemed to think unless the hoarse old crow received applause he

might again relapse into another twenty years' silence.

In the feverish hours before the break of dawn I almost wished that I had peacefully let my ring go.

A silent, reproachful breakfast was brought up to me. But the coffee was hot. I felt better able after I drank it to bear with Jacob's sprightly morning remarks, and I had just finished my roll when a slow creak from heavy shoes coming up the stairs announced the *Polizei*.

I looked to see if his knock had split the door. Max, expecting to encounter an enemy, stood at attention, and all the hair on his silky back bristled.

I explained to him that it was only the majesty of the German law, and begged him to be quiet. When I opened the door the *Polizei* stretched a large hand above his truncheon, and silently handed me the ring, minus the ruby and one of the diamonds.

"My ring! My ring!" I said.

"*Ja, ja; gewiss, gewiss,*" he said, and, diving into his pocket, he found the ruby, and gave it to me.

The *mädchen,* he said, had been so frightened when she saw him that she confessed everything,

even to prying the stones from the setting with her scissors. The diamond she had given to her young sweetheart, and he had lost it, but the ruby was safe. He had found it in her little work-basket. And now he must go and find her, for she had hidden herself in the woods from fear, and there would be a trial.

I said: "Not a trial. I don't want one."

"Ja, ja. Gewiss, gewiss," he said, and off he went.

Max was whining and jumping about. I leaned down and put my arms around his neck.

"Oh, dear old lad," I said, "I've got my ring. My dear ring! If you hadn't made me think it would never have been found."

He licked my face—there were flashes of teeth, and joyful little gratified yelps. How well he knew and reflected his Missy's every mood!

CHAPTER X

MAX IN COURT GIVES TESTIMONY

In the afternoon the judge sent me an official message, stating that I was in the jurisdiction of the German court, and couldn't leave the country without permission.

It was several days before the court convened and the *Polizei* again disgraced the doctor's villa, by coming early in the morning to escort me to the courthouse.

"I am not dressed," I said, in answer to his bombardment of the door. "You will have to wait."

"Ja, ja, gewiss, gewiss," he said, sitting down heavily on a chair in the hall. When I had finished my toilet we descended the stairs together. He, respecting the majesty of the German law, preceded me, and, imposingly, in single file, Max bringing up the rear, we silently walked to the courthouse, and found the court assembled and waiting.

The judge, a fair-haired, jovial-looking man, bade me a pleasant good morning.

"Won't it be better for your dog to wait outside?"

"No," I said; "certainly not. He's the chief witness, the only person who saw the *mädchen* take the ring. All the rest is circumstantial evidence."

"Very well," said the judge, "be seated, Frau O'Connor, and place the principal witness beside you."

"I must," I said, "have an interpreter."

"Oh, no," said the judge, "I like your German." He did not go so far as to say it was good.

"You may like it," I said, "but it is limited to *'heisses Wasser,' 'ein Bad,'* and *'wie viel,'* in the *Kur Garten.*"

"You are too modest," said the judge. "I will help you." Then the case was opened.

The judge commanded the *Polizei* to "produce the ring."

The *Polizei* handed the small box containing it to the bench.

"The court has taken possession of the jewel until after the thief is tried," said the judge.

"Don't say thief," I said; "the word is too

strong. The girl is only a child, who didn't know what she was doing."

"I will amend my language," said the judge, "until after the girl is tried. How old are you, Frau O'Connor?"

"How old do you think?"

"Twenty-seven," he answered gallantly.

"My son is——" I was going to say twenty-four; but, laughing, I said, "put it twenty-seven."

The clerk carefully wrote: "Frau O'Connor, *sieben und zwanzig.*"

Then the judge asked my occupation, nationality, religion, hopes and plans for the future, and the clerk wrote at length. I also gave a fine description of T. P., aired my views on Home Rule, and then we got on the outskirts of the ring.

"You say you did not see the girl take it?"

"No," I said, "but Max did. Speak, Max!" And Max lifted his noble head and gave a fine fortissimo bark.

The court laughed.

"Silence in the court," said the judge, "while I question the witness. Did you see the *mädchen* take the ring from the dressing-table? *Gut Max, sprich!*"

"Bow-wow-wow," said Max.

"He says he did see her take it," said the judge, laughing with great heartiness. The clerk wrote it down.

Then the *Polizei* gave his evidence, and I said to the judge:

"I don't want the girl punished. She is a child—only sixteen. She mustn't go to prison."

"Now, you see," said the judge, "you not only speak good German, but you have a good heart. You don't understand the German law, which is both just and merciful, so I will inform you. Unless the first offense is very grave, we do not put the offender in prison. We have a trial, which brings the power and gravity of the law home to the accused. There is a complete history of the case written in a book. He or she is admonished, but goes forth a free man or woman.

"With the second offense, however, he or she serves two sentences, one for the first misdemeanor, the other for the second. Now what do you think of the wisdom of that law?"

"Admirable," I said. "It would be well for other countries to follow your example."

"And what does Max think about it?" said the judge. "Max shall have the last word."

"Speak, Max!" I said. "Praise Germany!"

And Max gave his fullest-throated commendation.

"Frau O'Connor, *'bitte,'* a last reminder," said the judge, "until the girl is tried the German court must know your whereabouts."

"I am going," I said, "first to Baden Baden, then to Paris, a week in Boulogne, and finally to London. Is it necessary for me to notify you from all these places?"

"Bitte, bitte, gnädige frau," said the judge. "Adjourn the court."

"The court is adjourned," said the clerk.

"My congratulations, and *'auf wiedersehen,'* " said the judge. And once more Max and I were free to go where we pleased.

Dr. Pargenstecher had sent me to Doctor von Hoffman, an eminent oculist in Baden Baden, whose specialty was the treatment of a closed tear duct.

The afternoon of my arrival, anxious to know his opinion, I went at once to his office.

"Yes," said Doctor von Hoffman, "there is trouble here that will only yield to an operation; with the help of cocaine, I cut a little passage from the eye to the nose, keep it open with massage while healing, and in a fortnight your eye

will be well enough for you to go away. Will you have it done?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly I will."

Max, who had been lying quietly in a corner of the room, came forward, whimpered, looked at me anxiously, and laid his paw gently in my lap.

"This gentleman hasn't the same confidence in me that you have," said the doctor, smiling. "Come to-morrow at eleven, and everything will be ready for you."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I would much prefer the operation now."

I am sure Max pressed my knee with his paw.

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll call my assistant. He has strong hands, and will hold your head while I make the incision. Max must go into the other room."

"No," I said, "please let him stay. He will be a comfort to me. Go to your corner, old lad. Don't move till Missy calls you."

Max obediently stepped back into shadow. The cocaine did not go very far, and the knife steadily pursued its way and unnerved me. I felt cold and sick—things were rather blurred, but the fear of Max, if I fainted, attacking the doctors, steadied me.

Not liking the look of things he was gasping out little whines and whimpers. The doctor worked with quick dexterity, and the operation was soon over. I called out: "All right, Max; stay where you are," but he came to the center of the room and waited. The doctor and his assistant bandaged up my eye. I reached for my hat, and Max bounded forward with greetings of great joy. He licked my hands, stopping between the quick breaths to give an occasional pianissimo bark, and intelligently kept a safe distance from my face.

"Never," said the doctor, "have I had better patients. Max did the crying, and you did the sitting still."

"He would do the suffering for me, too, if he could," I said.

"I don't doubt it, and I am sure he will make a good nurse," said Doctor von Hoffman. "He seems almost human."

"His unselfishness and fidelity are more than human," I said.

Going to the hotel Max kept very close to me, and, when nine o'clock came he unobtrusively stored himself under my bed, although usually he slept on a traveling rug in the corner of the room, but he wanted to be nearer when I was in

trouble, and after I got in bed his tail tapped out: "I'm here, to take care of you, little Missy." And we both fell asleep.

Each year Max seemed to grow in intelligence and in power to understand all that happened about him. When Monsieur Wolff, the best beloved of all his friends, left London for a tour in America, Max went to his lodgings to superintend his preparations, and looked mournfully at every garment which was folded and packed.

He knew that a voluminous wardrobe meant a long absence, and, when his friend brought him home, and said good-by to me, he was so depressed that he refused to go on the Embankment for exercise, and for many days grieved for his absent comrade.

At one time when Monsieur Wolff was suffering from a severe attack of tonsilitis, Max nursed him a week, coming home for daily visits, and making me comprehend in his beautiful, dumb language that, while it was a sacrifice to leave me, he thought it only right to stay with a sick and lonely man.

He would rush in my room, frantic with joy, every morning, put his paws in my lap, lick my face and hands, and tell me that Johannes was better, and, after apparently watching the clock

on the mantelpiece, at the end of an hour he was at the door and off down the King's Road to his friend's apartment in Wellington Square; and he looked monstrously pleased and proud when he fetched Monsieur Wolff on his first outing to see me.

He left the cab and ran in the house with a rush, saying, "He's here and well again. I've done my part in taking care of him. Give him a warm welcome, and don't let him get tired."

When Monsieur Wolff went home, Max bade him a most affectionate good-by, but did not offer to go back with him, knowing his patient needed him no longer.

And there was one friend the latter part of his noble life whom he visited every day. She lived in a little nearby street in Chelsea, was very poor, and, like Heine, she had been on her mattress grave for years. Her sweet face was still smooth and lovely; her soft, fine, glossy brown hair was only slightly tinged with gray, and she looked serene and saintly, for she had forgiven everything: an inconstant husband, dishonest trustees, indifferent relations, and the cruel Fate which crippled her. She loved God, believed in His mercy, and spent her time in prayer. She was too unselfish to pray for her-

self, but she prayed for her friends—how she besieged Him to send peace to my troubled soul! She begged bread for the poor, and courage for the downcast, and health for the sick, and hope for the desperate. She said thousands of passionate prayers for those who had fallen. In her gentle, forgiving heart, she may have questioned:

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest, and more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?

But she happily held fast to her faith, believing the lost could be found and the erring saved.

After Max had been with me once or twice to see Mrs. Thomas, he went alone to South Kensington every afternoon about three o'clock, and with such regularity that finally the slavey of the little lodging house was on the lookout to open the door for him.

Many, many times I found him with my cheerful, suffering friend. She used to laugh and say: "I'm sure Max is a good Catholic. He licks my hands so reverently when I am saying my beads." And "beads" was another word added to his vocabulary.

"Max, where are my beads?" And my old lad would walk solemnly to Mrs. Thomas's little table, lay his head upon them, and she would laugh gayly, and give him enthusiastic praise and more chocolates than were good for him.

His visits were a solace to my friend, who was alone during the day: in the evening her niece, who gave lessons in music and languages, returned from her classes, and their little evenings, spent in close companionship, were made happy by love and mutual tenderness.

When Mrs. Thomas's last days approached, as they did with soft and stealthy steps, Max began to make his visits later, and to wait until Madame de Sarda returned to watch by her aunt. The morning she died he left Oakley lodge at six o'clock. The little slavey was washing the steps when he appeared, and he stayed all that long, sad day with Madame de Sarda. His eyes were full of grief when he came home sighing and sorrowing, as my maid said, "like a Christian."

Life had been a bitter struggle to those two saintly ladies. More than once, when lessons dropped off, a separation seemed imminent. There were convents where Mrs. Thomas would have been received, but Fate spared them the

anguish of separation, and they were enabled to hold together until the end.

Mrs. Thomas left a pathetic little will. There were a few things she had treasured and kept through all their years of lean poverty. A pretty brooch and bracelet and her beads of amethyst and gold went to her niece; one or two good old snuff boxes of enamel to friends.

Her prayer-book and Bible, to her father confessor, the priest who wept tears of real sorrow when he buried her. A few yards of old lace to her bridesmaid, a poor and hard-working spinster. A beautiful watch fob to my son, and to me a little silver statue of Saint Anthony of Padua. In thirty years of patient suffering, bravely borne, she must have said a million million prayers to this saint who befriends the poor.

Max was not mentioned in her will, but in an envelope she left a small sum of money to buy him a new collar. It was made up of little pieces of silver, three-penny and six-penny bits, and one or two shillings, which her niece had given her for some trifling necessity, and in self-denying love she had laid it aside as a remembrance for her faithful friend.

Madame de Sarda was the soul of generosity. She delighted in making the many she loved some

small gift—a pot of primroses, a little calendar, a knitted scarf, a book-mark, or, if her purse was almost empty, a bunch of violets or a rose made manifest her love.

We went together to the Army and Navy Stores and bought Max a wine-colored leather collar. I knew from his adventure in the barouche that he liked the color. It was fastened with a silver buckle; his name and address were left to be engraved on the silver plaque, and it was to be worn carefully for social affairs of importance.

The first occasion of his wearing it was Mr. Janeway's wedding. He married a spinster of fair fortune, who belonged to a county family, and he retired from the business of keeping a hotel, and became, I am sure to his supreme satisfaction, a county gentleman himself.

Max was still beautiful and very healthy. His sight and smell were unimpaired, but he was undoubtedly a middle-aged gentleman, although he didn't look it. And Toodie, who in the passing years had grown to manhood, and had become an artist, said:

"I ought to paint Max before he is old."

For some reason or other my dear old lad didn't at all like sitting for his portrait.

The various presentments submitted to him of dogs lying down and dogs sitting up, alert or contemplative, bored him. Possibly he considered them poor likenesses. At any rate, "Studio, Max!" and his beautiful ears and tail drooped in hopeless dejection, but always reasonable and obedient, he would meekly follow Toodie, and spend the whole morning in any attitude desired.

One day Toodie said to him: "We will try another pose. Max, look me in the face, and don't turn either to the right or left," and my old lad gazed steadily at the young painter, and sat as patiently as any trained model, until the picture was finished. The expression might have been more gay, but his noble character, his sweet patience, his loyal fidelity, his fine trust and dignity, look from the soft brown eyes, and the paint and color are good. It is indeed a fine portrait of my true gentleman Max.

CHAPTER XI

MAX CONQUERS JEALOUSY

NATURE is meager in her works of perfection, even in the dog species, but Max, except for rare attacks of jealousy, was perfect.

And his jealousy came from humility, not from pettiness. Like the noble Othello, the kindling of a jealous fire, on occasion, scorched his reason, blinded his judgment, and filled him with a desire to kill.

A friend gave me a beautiful and accomplished bullfinch, the darlingest little bunch of feathers and seductive sweetness that ever drew breath through a bill. His breast was healthily red, and his claws healthily pink, his little black-and-moonlight gray coat shone with glossiness. He was saucy and yet appealing; affectionate, flirtatious, and he enchantingly sang two songs in low, silver, sweet notes: "Pretty Polly Perkins," and the waltz from *"Der Freischütz."*

Max was in the hall when he arrived, and, in

a state of the wildest agitation, preceded the cage to my room.

The bully, a confident little songster, accustomed, doubtless, to applause, was already tuning his voice, and after he hopped from his little wooden cage to a gay affair of gilt wire with a pagoda top, and was hung in the window, he trilled forth,

"Pretty, pretty Polly Perkins,

"How do you do—oo? How do you do—o-o——"

Max lolled out his broad pink tongue, rolled on the floor in anguish, and howled with jealous wrath. Then he did a thing in great violence to both his self-respect and his dignity.

He sat up on his hind legs underneath the bullfinch's cage and begged. He begged to devour his rival. He yelped with desire and rage. He dribbled and licked his chops.

The bullfinch gayly whistled his waltz.

This was too much. Max foamed at the mouth and his loud, spasmodic barks were full of destroying vengeance.

"Why, Max," I said, "you wouldn't murder your poor brer bullfinch, would you?"

"Yes, I would, I would!" thundered Max. "The miserable interloper. I would swallow him

whole. Give him to me, don't you see me dribbling for him?"

And I was fairly deafened with his eager cries, and, quivering with anxiety, again he sat himself under the cage and implored me by our love of years to hand him that superfluous intruder.

All the evening he fumed and fretted, even in the dining-room. Choice marrow bones failed to obscure the memory of his rival, and a sudden rush of rage would send him flying upstairs to sit at my door, waiting for the maid to open it, and give him a chance for bird slaughter.

I had to administer many rebukes. "Max," I said, "you noble Max, to be jealous of a sweet bird. I will never give him to you. Never! Be a man and forget him. He's much smaller than Punch—you never tried to harm him. I am ashamed of you."

"Shame" was the most dreadful word in his vocabulary. He hung his head, gave a heart-broken cry, crawled under the drawing-room sofa, and hid himself, sighing and moaning all through the evening.

There was, however, one last hope—T. P. He had dined out, and Max had not been able to tell him his grievance, but early the next morning he scratched at the door of T. P.'s dressing-

room and by cries, yelps, turnings and waggings, informed him that something untoward and horrible had happened. His clean pink tongue hung from his excited mouth, and he begged the member from Liverpool to get up and follow him.

And, when he went in the hall, Max was waiting before my door and immediately it was opened rushed in, sat up under the cage and begged once more for his enemy to be delivered into his mouth.

There was no gay little song from the bully when he beheld T. P., for that tiny bunch of feathers was a consistent man-hater, and, whenever he saw a male creature, his bill opened with a hiss of rage, he stretched his wings to their full capacity, made his tail a war-like fan, and was ready for battle.

Max had a second scolding from T. P. that sent him whimpering downstairs to the garden, and there in a tool-house he found the bullfinch's traveling cage, a slight wooden affair, and he seized it in a perfect frenzy and chewed it into pulp. Then he felt better. But he never was quite reconciled to my sweet singer until the little bully became very ill with congestion of the lungs. When he saw a small heap of weak

feathers, sitting on the floor of his cage panting for breath, and my tears dropping between the bars, my dear old lad relented, and was sorry for him, for me, and for his own unreasonable conduct.

I sent to Leicester Square for a celebrated bird doctor to come and see the bullfinch. He said the only chance to save the little bird was to keep him warm, to feed him entirely with hemp, and to give him a stimulant. So I changed my dress to a flannel gown, cuddled the bully in my neck, fed him from my mouth with hemp seed, and dipped his poor, unwilling little bill in a wineglassful of brandy and water. We sat through many hours of the night by the fire, Max on the hearth-rug getting up now and then to place his paw on my knee, said with his luminous eyes and his tender caress: "I forgive all. I understand all." And the bully got well.

With more years of wisdom as an elderly gentleman Max was all discretion and common sense. He never overate himself; his body remained lean and lithe, like that of a young dog, and when his sight became so unreliable that he made mistakes in following my omnibus, he went alone for his health's sake on brisk walks down the King's Road or along the Embankment.

Sometimes from the top of an omnibus I would see him from my seat behind the driver proceeding in a rational gait toward Sloane Square, neither turning to the right nor to the left, unless the rainbow gleam from a large diamond in a jeweller's window caught his eye. Then he stopped, thinking of his Missy and her love of precious stones.

Very often he walked as far as Victoria Street, passed the Army and Navy Stores, looked commiseratingly at the dogs fastened by straps to the door—they seemed such foolish creatures to him—turned into Carlisle Place, made a call on Cardinal Manning, and came home by way of the Thames.

In those days pain and weakness prevented my walking. I was often a prisoner in the house for weeks. Max used to beg me to go out with him, and was so disappointed when I said: "No, old lad, not to-day; to-morrow, maybe." And obediently he would start on his lonely walk, coming back cheerful and refreshed.

One summer in Germany pain was my constant, insistent companion. Night and day it never left me, and, though not keen enough to make me cry out in anguish, it strained my nerves until they were taut and stretched to the break-

ing point, and my powers of endurance were worn as thin as a web of gossamer.

"Max," I would say, "oh, Max. I can't bear it. What am I to do?" And he would put both his paws on my knees, lift his noble head, and lick away my tears. He tried to give me comfort, and to tell me with eyes full of sympathy that better times were coming.

I heard of a famous specialist in Bonn, and, early one morning, Max and I sailed down the Rhine—what a lovely day it was!—he sat on deck and saw all the beautiful castles he had visited with Toodie, and I enjoyed sunshine as brilliant as that of my own native land. When the boat landed us in Bonn, we were not twenty minutes with the clever old professor.

"The English doctors say——"

He smiled and put out a protesting hand.

"They do not interest me. Frau O'Connor, you will never be better without this operation. Then you will get well. The whole thing can be done in my clinic for eight of your English pounds."

"The doctors have spoken of it in England. They say the chances of recovery are ten to one against me," I said. "There is already inflammation, which if increased——"

"Quite true, there is inflammation, but, with the removal of the cause of the inflammation, you will be safe. I assure you the operation is one I perform certainly twice and sometimes oftener each week. And there is no danger whatever. Now, *auf wiedersehen.*"

"And your fee?" I asked him.

"Nothing to-day; when you come that will be included in the eight pounds."

"But I may never come," I said. "I have no courage."

"Oh, yes, you have," he said, "all the courage in the world, or else I don't know women. One is waiting in the other room. Good-by, good-by." And the generous, kind old man was gone. I grew slowly a little better after that. The pain was bearable in pleasant, sunny Germany, with meals on the balcony, good concerts in the Kur Garten, and Max and a devoted friend to share my worst hours of depression. It was when the dark, somber, lonely days came in London, and I could rarely get out of the house, that the insistent, gnawing pain made me desperate and indifferent to all consequences, even death.

My friend and physician, Doctor Septimus Sunderland, told me that the great surgeon,

Lawson Tait, was in town. And I went to see him.

Mr. Tait heard what I had to say about the German professor, and said discouragingly: "I don't agree with him at all. The operation is by no means *sure* to cure you, and, to be brutally frank, you may die under it."

"Well," I said, "I shall be frank, too. Having given a good deal of thought to my own case, I am going at once to Bonn for the operation. I believe you to be mistaken in your opinion."

Mr. Tait looked amused, kind and sympathetic:

"Have you absolutely made up your mind?" he said.

"Quite," I said.

"There's the long journey that will cost you something; the uncertainty of the operation, and Germany can be very cold at this time of the year."

"I don't mind," I said. "I shall start to-morrow."

"I never saw a more obstinate woman," said Mr. Tait. "Suppose, however, we strike a compromise? You go home and write me a note, taking all the responsibility of the operation on your own shoulders, and I will perform it—for

love. I don't believe it's going to cure you, but I'm dashed if I can't do it as well or better than any of those German duffers."

"And," I said, "I can die in my own home."

"Damme if you will," said Mr. Tait. "You've got pluck and tenacity enough to get well, no matter what happens."

"Now," I said, "that we both know where we are, what day, please?"

"The day after to-morrow," said Mr. Tait, "at eight o'clock in the morning, and provide a good breakfast at nine-thirty. I'll send in a nurse the night before, and I'll bring Sunderland and the anesthetist with me. Good-by, Max. Take your hard-headed mistress home, and make her behave herself."

When we got in the cab Max jumped up on the seat, leaned his soft body against mine, turned his head and looked at me with the clear, brown pools of his eyes full of trouble.

"Don't," I said. "Max, don't look at me like that. I'm going to get well. After all these years of pain, I'm going to get well, and run up and down the Embankment with you. Think of that!"

He whimpered and wagged, showed flashes of his teeth, and put his paw in my lap, saying:

"You may be right, little Missy, but you can't prevent my being anxious."

My love and understanding for Max were so great that it may have been possible for me to read too much into his noble thoughts, but there are witnesses to his extraordinary sagacity at this time, who well remember how faithfully he nursed me.

Usually he slept in the hall on a woolly mat near the front door. That night he insisted on sleeping under my bed. It was late before I got to sleep. After all there were some things pleasant in life, even with a continual background of pain. Was I making a mistake?

Max had thumped good-night with his tail, but, feeling my wakefulness, even in the dark, he crawled out once or twice to lick my hands.

"Max," I said to him, the next morning, "I'm not going to say anything to my family about this little secret of ours. Why should they worry? I'm sure to get well."

He heavily pounded the floor with his tail.

"Of course," he said, "you'll get well, and I'll keep your secret."

"Now go," I said, "and walk on the Embankment. See how the sun shines." But, after his airing in the garden, he came back, and did not leave me for a moment during that day.

CHAPTER XII

THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE

Henry James came to see me in the afternoon, and somehow I penetrated through his exquisite exterior to his kind and tender heart. We spent a pleasant half hour together, and, as he rose to leave, I was moved to say:

"Do come and see me soon again. I am to have what the doctors consider a rather serious operation to-morrow. My family know nothing about it. The only people who have been told are you and Max."

"Dear me," said Mr. James. "Why, this is a very brave little secret." And no one could have been more understanding or sympathetic. He was greatly touched by what he considered my "courage." It is so easy to have courage if you are indifferent and expect nothing from fate. Of course, with the advent of the nurse, it was necessary for T. P. and Toodie to be informed of the reason of her presence. She was somewhat self-important and meticulous in her preparations.

Max found her unsympathetic, and did not leave my side by the fire to greet her; with his head on my knee, he rolled his eyes until the whites were visible, watching her various preparations.

She unwrapped a package of new caps and aprons, sorted out fresh linen, placing dozens of towels on a chest of drawers, and Max sighed profoundly, changed his position, and offered me his paw. Then she lifted a bag of instruments, asked about a table, and trotted back and forth from her bedroom to mine, until my nerves cried out, and I begged her to close the door and leave us alone.

In the evening, after dinner, we sat by the fire. T. P., Toodie and Max, all treating me with consideration, and obviously depressed and anxious, but a premonition made me confident of coming health, and I was quite cheerful.

"Now," said the nurse, after my bath, "Max must go out." And he did, but returned to scratch at the door with persistent paws, giving at intervals loud reproachful yelps, until at last she was obliged to let him in. He immediately got under the bed, sighed at his hard-won success, and tapped out his protecting good-night.

When the nurse went to her room, leaving her

door open to see that during the night I was quiet, he crept out stealthily and in the dark laid his cold nose on my hand. "Max," I said, "Max, old lad, go to sleep." But he stood for a long time immovable.

"I keep vigil with you, little Missy. Sleep and I will sleep," he said. When I awoke quite late the next morning it was a lovely day. The sun shone brilliantly, and we had barely time to get ready for the doctors, who arrived in cheerful mood. The cornucopia of chloroform was hovering over my face when my dear old lad, who had been forgotten, gave a sharp yelp, and beat furiously on the floor with his tail.

"Did you ever see so ridiculous a woman?" said Mr. Tait. "First she orders an operation, then she has a dog in the room, to attack us in the middle of it. Where is that animal?"

"Under the bed," I said, "and quite safe. He was with me in Germany when Doctor von Hoffman provided me with a new tear duct. Don't send him out."

"I certainly will," said Mr. Tait. "Sunderland, you know the dog, get hold of his collar and oust him, will you?"

"Max," I said, "go. Go and take a walk, old chap."

But Max, always obedient, refused to stir, so Doctor Sunderland reached under the bed, and led him, panting and protesting, from the room.

T. P. and Toodie called and cajoled, but, deaf to everything except the sounds in my room, he sat himself down in the hall, his beautiful clear eyes clouded with trouble, and his body pressed close against my door.

Three-quarters of an hour he remained in the same position, as immovable as a dog in bronze, waiting. When the door was unlocked, he slipped gently in the room, swallowed a cry of pain to see me white and still, and crept underneath the valance of the bed, and except for food and a hurried rush around the garden, he never left the room day or night until I went for my first drive.

At the faintest sigh or sound during the night he was standing by me, ears pricked, and faithful eyes full of anxiety. One evening my temperature ran up to a hundred and four, my cheeks burnt with fever, and I felt very restless. The nurse, in a panic, sent for Doctor Sunderland. Max knew in a moment that something was wrong. He crawled out from under the bed, stood rolling his eyes about the room, until the whites were visible; at the sound of cab wheels,

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ran to the window, looked out, and was on the steps to meet Doctor Sunderland, and, with waggings and turnings, led him up the stairs, and sat close to him while he held my wrist and asked a number of questions. At last he put an anxious paw on the doctor's knee and whimpered.

"It's all right, Max," the doctor said. And Max went over and sat looking in the fire, reassured but not quite easy enough in his mind to lie quietly under the bed. At eleven o'clock my temperature had dropped two points, and I felt quieter, the doctor went home, and the nurse bathed my hands and face in cool water and got me ready for the night.

In her chamber a little night light burned, which cast a faint radiance in my room. She soon slept, but dimly I could see another and more faithful nurse, his noble head drooped toward the dying fire, keeping watch with me.

At dawn I said: "I'm quite cool now, old lad. Get under the bed and we will go to sleep." The next afternoon my temperature was normal, the little flurry of anxiety was over, and I steadily progressed toward recovery.

As soon as I could walk, Max and I went down to Doctor Brighton and a bath chair. How many weeks, days, hours had I not spent in this

peaceful refuge for invalids; gazing out at the sea; sometimes blue, with gently curving, white-crested waves, or gray with a tempestuous surf angrily dashing over the sea wall, and sprinkling my face with drops of brine.

Max still loved a swim, and the bath chairman used to go down on the beach, and throw a stick far out to sea for him; he watched it hurtle through the air; with a strong, joyous bark, launched himself on the waves, swam out until he found it, and laid it a dripping trophy in my bath chair.

One wild windy morning a sudden gust of wind blew a man's hat in the sea. Max instantly dashed after it, although he had to swim a long distance, for the light object bobbed out farther and farther on the restless, wind-whipped waves, but eventually he seized and brought it back in triumph to the beach.

"He's a knowin' one," said the bath chairman, "about the knowin'est one I ever see. Look at 'im shake hisself before he comes anigh the chair." And the owner of the hat said: "I'm sorry, old chap, I can't give you a tip. He's a wonderful dog, madam." And Max, wet and clean, rolled out his broad pink tongue, and was very happy.

With sunshine and brighter spring days, I got better, but, from time to time the wearing pain came back, and my spirits went down to zero. Max felt my depression, and, when we got down on "the front," pretended an unnatural gayety wagging, turning, barking and leaping about like a puppy. He always divined my sad thoughts and tried to divert them.

One morning we met Sir Henry Thompson, and the distinguished old surgeon said in a very kind, solicitous voice:

"What is the matter, my dear? You look pale."

This touch of tenderness made the pent-up nervous tears fall down my cheeks like rain.

"Oh, Sir Henry," I said, "I've had an operation, and I hoped for so much from it, but the gnawing pain hasn't left me."

I felt in my muff for a pocket handkerchief, but couldn't find one. And then Max leaped into the bath chair, licked my tears away, and yelped cheerfully. "There, there, little Missy. It is unlike you to give way before folks." And, jumping out, he made wild circles around the chair, barking his loudest. I laughed, and Sir Henry, who was a great lover of dogs—what a darling bulldog he once gave Ada Rehan!—said:

"That's better. You have just the right companion. He won't talk you to death, yet knows how to cheer you, and he does the best he can for your needs. Take this pocket handkerchief, however. It is drier than his tongue, and tell me what's the matter." When I had finished, he said reassuringly: "Don't worry. Nature, having formed a habit, cannot at once break it. For years you have had the habit of pain, but I am sure that it will gradually disappear, and in a few months you will be hopping about like a squirrel. Get out of the bath chair, now, and I will take you and Max to tea at Muttons. It sounds as if the poor dog could have a bone, doesn't it?"

And, with hope born again in my heart, from that day I got steadily and surprisingly better. After a while there were days and weeks without pain, and finally it went away altogether. And I was free!

Like playful children, the dear old lad and I walked and ran over the downs; after all the years of forced inertia, life held no joy so great as activity. Max shared my high spirits; years rolled off his back, and he renewed his youth, rolling in the long grass, pawing the air, gam-

boling in front of me, and giving spasmodic barks of wild delight.

He ran up and down the steep cliffs at Rottingdean, and often dashed in the sea for a sturdy swim without the incentive of a stick. And for many years after my recovery, even when he became a very old dog, he remained surprisingly young and healthy. With his regular habits and abstemious life, he seemed to have arrested decay. His pride and self-respect prevented his ever being a trouble, when his smell and sight failed, and it was difficult for him to follow me, he walked alone, selecting quiet places like Battersea Park, where from ten until twelve he exercised along the river. The gardeners all knew him, and often he came home with a flower in his collar.

In the afternoon he gently ambled up and down the Embankment, generally stopping to have a little conversation with the cabman on the rank. He never passed without a rough, kindly voice calling out: "Max! I say, Max, old chap." "How goes it, old man?" "When is Ireland going to get Home Rule?" "How's Tay Pay?"

He returned at five o'clock to Oakley Lodge, with his silky hair freshened by the air, cheer-

fully ready for tea, and visitors. His beloved friend, Monsieur Wolff, when he came in said with that something in his warm voice which so thrilled and moved my dear old lad:

"Max, show your teeth. Smile at me! Smile at me!" And Max, with pleased waggings and turnings, would curl back his black mobile lips, and show every tooth in his head.

We never failed to laugh at that wonderful smile of his, so complete and whole-hearted. It was an individual attention which he reserved for Monsieur Wolff, who always rewarded him with a loud burst of fulsome praise, and, as perfect as he was, Max had a little vanity.

He was nearing fifteen when one morning he omitted his walk and he seemed ill. His dear face was sunken and suffering, and I sent at once for Doctor Sewell, who said he had symptoms of gastritis, prescribed a diet of milk and warm bandages of flannel around his body. Max dozed all the morning away, but in the afternoon, when the sun came out, he wanted to see the river, and became restless. I asked Lizzie to call a cab. His ears pricked up at that pleasant word. There was nothing which gave him greater happiness than riding in a cab. He got downstairs

fairly well, but, instead of jumping in and taking his seat, as usual, it was rather a feeble scramble. I wrapped an old overcoat of Toodie's around him—he liked the warmth— and we drove for two hours, through the green and flowers of Battersea Park, and up and down the Embankment. He looked with satisfaction at the scenes he loved so well, but every little while I felt a rigor in his body, and he leaned very close to me. How stricken my heart was!

"Max," I said, "I couldn't leave you. Don't, old lad, leave me." And his faithful adoring eyes said: "I will stay if I can."

The next day he was worse. Dr. Sewell said it was old age, but I wouldn't abandon hope, and fought on for him to the very end of his life. Thoughtful and wise, he helped me all that he could: patiently lapping warm cream or milk, rolling over on his side, and licking my hands when I put on the warm bandages, and without being forced taking his medicine. The servants helped me, and he was well nursed. But he grew weaker every day, and his dear, brave face looked pinched and drawn.

Monsieur Wolff was away. When he returned and heard that my dear old lad was ill, he came at nine o'clock in the morning to see him. Max

was lying by the fire, covered with a blanket, his head on a little pillow; he raised it at the sound of the loved voice, and, lifting his trembling lip, smiled once very feebly, as Monsieur Wolff stooped over him. Oh, how I cried!

That afternoon I was in the drawing-room. The weather was warm and sunny and the front door stood open. Max, with his bandages wrapped about his thin body, slipped out, and got as far as the Embankment, when one of his friends, a fat, red-faced, big-hearted cabman, picked him up in his arms, wrapped a rough great-coat about him, put him on the seat of his cab, and brought him home.

"He wasn't equal to a walk, mum, so I give him a ride. He's a wise one. Take my word for it. But the old chap don't know how sick he is. Thank you, mum."

Max slept that night, and quite quietly all the next morning, his breathing growing lighter and quieter until it gently ceased.

I was in another room when they told me my faithful friend and closest companion for so many years had gone. They said he looked sweet and peaceful, with the furrows of pain in his noble face smoothed away, but I could not bear to look upon those loving, honest eyes, closed in

death, and from a distance I saw them carry him to the garden, and I called out and asked if they had put on his wine-colored collar, and said:

"Turn his face toward my window, and make his grave where the morning sun will shine on it." And then a rush of tears hid the burying from my sight.

I intended to put a little stone at the head of his resting-place in Chelsea, with, "To the memory of Max, beautiful, good, and gifted," carved upon it; but I never did, and it is just as well now that Oakley Lodge is in other hands than mine. But his epitaph is written in my heart, for I, who love all dogs, know there never was, nor could be, one like him, so faithful, so sensible, so sweetly reasonable, so understanding, so wise and so loving.

It is said the dead are permitted to revisit the places which in life held their hearts the closest. If this be true, after I am gone I shall sometimes come back and stand in my bedroom window, and look toward the pleasant garden: and from a grassy mound under the whispering trees a shadowy old collie will arise and turn his noble head toward the house. And, when he sees my gentle shade, his beautiful eyes will fill with remembrance and with love.

CHAPTER XIII

A GAY DOG ARRIVES

I HAD a serious illness not long after the death of Max, and was in bed for quite a month before it was possible to get away and recúperate at Herne Bay.

I longed for the sea, but not Brighton—it would remind me too much of my dear old lad.

One afternoon Señor Corea sent his housekeeper to me with a present, a fox terrier puppy. What a comical, irresistible creature he was: well marked, a round, black spot near his tail, a little black saddle on his fat, white back, two spots on his head, brown tufts above his mischievous, dancing, brown eyes, and, though unusually large for his age, he had still to fill out deep and loose baby wrinkles.

"If he ever grows up to them," I said, with my finger buried in a fold in his lip, "he will be a mastiff."

"The señor didn't have his tail cut," the house-

keeper said. "It ought to be done. A fox terrier looks so much smarter with a cropped tail."

The puppy blinked anxiously. "Not an inch of his caudal appendage shall be removed," I said. "I feel this fellow is going to be smart enough to justify an original appearance." The housekeeper looked pleased, and said:

"Now, I know, madame, that he is in kind hands, and I needn't be anxious. I liked him the best of the litter and wanted to keep him, he's so saucy and independent, but the señor told me to bring this particular puppy to you. He has only just left his mother, and is still a baby. He won't have to sleep by himself until he is a little older, will he?"

"At present," I said, "he will sleep on the foot of my bed, and as there is every prospect of my being in it for some weeks, he is not likely to be left alone. So your mind can rest at ease about him."

The woman's eyes were full of tears when she kissed his soft wrinkled head. "You will find him a perfect dear, madame," and he was then, and always.

When T. P. came in I was dozing, but the puppy wide awake, his eyes turned roguishly to show the clear blue-whites, was industriously

chewing a corner of the pillow-case. He stopped when he saw a man, cast a mischievous glance at T. P., who said:

"Hello! Where did you come from?" Frolicked in a circle around the bed, stopped at T. P.'s hands, and industriously licked every inch of them.

"He's an engaging fellow," said T. P. "What are you going to call him?"

The parlor maid came in at that moment with my supper. She had large, comfortable-looking ears. The puppy leaped to refresh himself with one of the downy pink lobes. The English, as a race, love animals; the girl laughed good-naturedly, and held the puppy affectionately in her arms, saying: "Listen to him suck. He cert'nly is got coaxing ways."

"You have named him, Lizzie," I said; "take Coaxey to the kitchen, give him a saucer of milk, and a little run in the garden." Not more than ten minutes had passed when I heard him flopping and whimpering up the stairs; then he pattered down the hall, and made no mistake in finding my room.

T. P. lifted him to the bed; he greeted me with ecstatic snuffles, gave me a milky lick, cuddled down in the hollow of my arm and went to sleep.

Agnes, my good little housemaid, was constituted his nurse and trainer. She gave him unusually frequent baths on account of his close proximity to me. The Spaniards have a proverb: "What you take in with the cradle you carry to the grave," and Coaxey loved water to the end of his life.

Agnes also taught him habits of cleanliness to which he responded with wonderful quickness. In three weeks he was a perfectly trained little dog, except for his chewing propensities. Like all puppies he loved slippers, and I must say he cut his teeth somewhat expensively, for anything and everything upon which indiscriminately he could fasten his sharp little teeth gave him lively joy.

I dared not leave a hat on a chair—he would chew it to bits and finish with the veil. There was something evanescent and elusive about net or lace that particularly attracted him. Being absent-minded, I often led him into temptation, leaving things within his reach and coming suddenly in a room would find him sheltered behind an innocent-guilty expression, looking at me with one telltale blob of wet chenille hanging from a corner of his mouth. He did not realize

that he furnished strong circumstantial evidence of the destruction of a pretty veil.

When I could travel we went to a little white house by the sea, and he was the most cheerful companion imaginable; indeed, he was the gayest dog I ever knew, filled with a lively curiosity, there was nothing which did not interest him.

He loved all dogs, and should have been a politician for, regardless of size, race, age or disposition, he stopped, beaming with cordiality, and, figuratively speaking, slapped every dog he met on the back, introducing himself with a breezy smile, and a: "Hi, old fellow, the top of the mornin' to you. Glad to make your acquaintance. Let's take a stroll."

And, even more than dogs, he loved boys and horses, barking vociferously when he met either the one or the other, and rushing forward to introduce himself, he was always warmly received. There was a small boy at Herne Bay, who rode a shaggy pony, and Coaxey, to his unbounded joy, was encouraged to follow him every morning; and the little lad came one day and asked if the fox terrier might go to tea in his garden. He, with his brother and two other little chaps from India, were spending the vacation at school. What a satisfying fill Coaxey had

of boys that day, running, racing, catching balls, leaping with his long legs in the air like a frog, jumping over sticks, and, with his quick intelligence, after one or two attempts, even through a hoop. What a gallant and tireless playfellow he was!

"May he come again?" the four boys, flushed and happy, asked, when I went to fetch him home.

"Yes," I said, "but you must return his call first. He is awfully particular about etiquette, and he wants to recognize your hospitality by giving you a high tea of cold salmon, hot rolls American fashion, macaroons and cake, if you will honor him by accepting his invitation."

The youngest boy managed to say shyly: "When may we come?"

Knowing full well the impatience of both big and little boys, I said:

"The day after to-morrow, and I would say to-morrow only I am not certain about getting the salmon in time."

The next day Coaxey's invitations were issued on cards pictured with a fox terrier, and he said:

"Don't forget my tea party. Come early.

"Coaxey O'Connor."

Promptly at three o'clock his guests arrived.

They were a little silent and shy at first, until we led them through the garden to the stable to see a very old pony, who, like Punch, I had "unbeknownst" taken with the house. Coaxey in his investigations about the place had discovered him, and kept going back and forth to the stable, begging everybody to go with him and see what he had found.

The party was a success, and Coaxey accompanied his guests to their gate and was very late getting home, having met a fascinating puppy of about his own age on the way, he stopped for a tumble and game.

Mademoiselle Berthier, a charming French friend, visiting me, and a stern disciplinarian, had met and called him several times, but he paid no attention to her, and when he came in she sat him up in a corner with his back turned to the room as a punishment.

He already spoke French, and, at *"Fait le beau,"* sat up and begged. While, *"couche toi"* sent him at once to his basket.

Not all his wrinkles had filled out, but he was growing a very big terrier, with a dash of greyhound somewhere among his ancestors. His mother and father were small dogs, but he had reverted to his racing progenitor, and a bunch of

greyhounds held in leash filled him with wild emulation and uncontrollable excitement. And he could run with the best. His long body was slender and graceful, and his broad chest and slim legs when he grew to manhood were filled with splendid muscles like thin steel, which enabled him to endure limitless exercise. And there never was a better sportsman, always ready to fight and stalk his prey.

We lived near the river and occasionally a venturesome water rat made his way into the garden, and Coaxey was scarcely more than a puppy when he caught the first marauder. The servants in the kitchen tried to take it away from him, but he bore it in triumph to the drawing-room, and laid it down before the fire on a Persian rug. How Monsieur Wolff applauded him.

"Good dog. A rat! Bravo! A rat! You must go wid me to Scotland for a Stak."

And, ever after that, "Find a rat, Coaxey," sent him to the garden, snuffing and breathing fierce, belligerent breaths while watching and waiting patient hours for his enemy.

He was not a noble or a contemplative character like Max. He never stopped to think seriously, being too full of the joy of life for that. He was impulsive, wildly affectionate, occasion-

ally very naughty, but he never bore malice, and, though he was so full of high spirits and mischief that he often got himself and me in trouble, I always forgave him.

When the sun shone, and there was a keen nip in the air, his young blood turned to quicksilver, and his reckless impetuosity incited him to wild deeds of daring.

The moment the front door opened and we started on our walks, he rushed madly into the street, his eyes a little narrowed, with wicked wrinkles at the corners—he generally had an adventure when the wrinkles appeared—his mouth wide open in a broad smile which showed his pink tongue and strong white teeth; his heart beating quickly with wild excitement he was filled with a mad desire to make every creature he met leap into the air.

I am sure it was only a brisk spirit of mischief, but the consequences were a number of times costly. In vain I called, "Coaxey, come here, Coaxey," and flourished a dog whip. On he rushed like a hurricane, his legs scarcely visible so quick was their action, his muscular body seemingly a missile launched into space, and, as he passed an innocent stranger, a lightning turn of the head, a surprised jump, a rip or a tear,

sometimes a good round oath, and I had to pay for coat or trousers.

Coaxey, knowing quite well what he had done, grinned with delight, laughed in his tail—it always visibly shook—sped out of sight, becoming quickly invisible, and left me to pour oil on his very troubled waters.

True dog lovers understood him, and laughed; holding up a damaged coat-tail a good-natured man would say: "It's only high spirits, madam. I forgive him, but you had better correct your dog. He'll get you into serious trouble one day."

I whipped him, not *very* hard; corporal punishment is against my principles; but it only hurt me and made no impression upon Coaxey. He forgave and forgot; but he did not forget other things. He never got lost, even in a strange village, when he loitered for a game with another dog, or remained in unknown woods for hours, to blow belligerent breaths down mysterious holes; he always found his way back.

One spring my nerves were playing me all sorts of tricks, and for some weeks we lived at a quiet hotel in beautiful Malvern, and, except for the young woman at the desk, I spoke to no one but Coaxey; he had my undivided attention

and loved it. The first day that we walked up the hills, quite three miles from the hotel, Coaxey discovered, beneath an old tree, a hole filled with exciting possibilities, for, as we passed there was a quick scuttling in it. With one bound my sportsman thrust head and paws after the rustle, and there he remained until the lamps were lighted.

His excitement was so great he never even heard me when I called, and I was dressing for dinner before he scratched at my door, and came in with a little mound of country earth on the top of his healthy, black, wet nose, saucy, bright-eyed, alert and hopeful of better success another time.

I reproached him for leaving me, and told him in a strange place he might have got lost, but we both knew that it was only a conventional admonition; with his quick intelligence he could find his way anywhere, and he looked at me, his eyes beaming with mischief, and, rolling over on his back, he kicked his long legs in the air and laughed.

He was, no matter what the punishment, unrepentant of his misdemeanors, and, whether his conscience was very small, or his self-confidence

very large, it was impossible to say, but I am sure that he was never sorry for anything.

His motto was: "The past cannot be undone; let us look gayly to the future."

After Malvern we went back to Brighton, where I had furnished a little house, intending to spend my winters there, and a friend came one afternoon to see me, and brought her dachshund, a darling dog, who, when tea was served, sat up and begged for bread, butter and cake. After much praise and applause he was induced to shut his eyes, lean his sleek tan head against his mistress' knee and say his prayers. At the word "Amen" he looked up and swallowed his reward, a tea cake covered with pink icing. Monsieur Wolff had just arrived from London. There were several ladies about the tea table, and we laughed at the pious Dax, stroked and petted him, and he was in the limelight, the center of the stage, absorbing all the attention, when poor, forgotten Coaxey was suddenly filled with burning jealousy. Pushing his way through the little circle, he was guilty of a terrible breach of inhospitality, and in the very middle of Fritz's encore, and a second set of beautiful prayers, he darted forward, bit his visitor on the neck, and

from that moment he disliked the entire race of these inoffensive German dogs.

I was deeply mortified and apologized for my poor, ill-behaved Coaxey. The wound, luckily, was very slight, just enough to stop any more showing off; and the lady forgave him, patted his head, and told him it was his house, and that he couldn't help being jealous of such an accomplished gentleman as her Fritz, but Coaxey didn't want forgiveness. The iron had entered his soul; his eyes were narrowed all that afternoon, and the wrinkles around them were very deep. "Don't," I said to Monsieur Wolff. "Take him out to walk. He will do something desperate and expensive."

CHAPTER XIV

COAXEY SAYS HIS PRAYERS AND DANCES HIGHLAND FLING

THE next day was Sunday. I had breakfast in my room, and a little later I heard a very angry voice in the hall.

"Your wretched dog has torn my cloak! He ought to be killed, and I was on my way to church. Tell your mistress that I want to see her at once! At once! Do you hear?"

I went downstairs to find a terribly irate dame, with a small piece of loose fringe dangling from her silk mantle.

"Do," I said, "let me have the cloak. A French maid will mend it so you won't be able to find the tear."

At first she wouldn't hear to any sewing on a Sunday, but, after a while I induced her to take it off, and sent it upstairs to a recent importation from France. And didn't I work hard to be entertaining for that quarter of an hour? I explained to the lady that Coaxey had been

much upset the day before, but she fixed me with a stern eye and said:

"You can't tell me that this is the first time that dog ever tore anything. I never saw a more knowing, or a more wicked eye. He has made me late for church, and he has made me angry, and I think the dog ought to be destroyed."

"I am so sorry," I said. "You see, he's a puppy. He will behave himself when he grows older."

The maid brought the mantle with the fringe perfectly repaired, and I placed it tenderly on the lady's shoulders, told her what a charming garment it was, and escorted her to the door. Coaxey was nowhere to be seen, and she departed peacefully.

Monsieur Johannes Wolff and Coaxey were mysteriously closeted the whole afternoon; at tea time they made their reappearance, Monsieur Wolff looking as if he had just played Grieg's beautiful "Concerto" to the deafening applause of an appreciative audience; and Coaxey full of triumphant, suppressed excitement.

"Beg, Coaxey!" said Monsieur Wolff, holding up a morsel of bread and butter. Instantly Coaxey lifted himself into a sitting position and

barked. "Good dog, good dog, *Wunderbar. Wunderschön!"* said M. Wolff.

"But he can already beg in French," I said.

"Wait, wait," said M. Wolff, "until I get cake. Now! Prayers, Coaxey!"

Coaxey knelt and tucked his head between Monsieur Wolff's knees.

"Pious, pious, shut your eyes." My comedian closed his eyes, and Monsieur Wolff chanted: "O Lort, gif me no breat, but plenty of meat and bones ant cake. Ahmen!" Up came Coaxey's head. "Goot dog. *Colossal! Colossal!"* said Monsieur Wolff.

Down went Coaxey's head again.

"Look at him," said Monsieur Wolff, filled with delight. "He gives an encore widout to ask." And the scene was reënacted with, as his reward, a piece of fruit cake.

This was the beginning of his education. He learned to die for the King. To dance to the music of a Highland fling, to walk on his hind legs, to act as house postman, carrying letters and newspapers to the different rooms. "Take this to your Missy, Coaxey," would send him flying upstairs with a package in his mouth, and an important scratch at my door. He would

bring my slippers, carry even a walking stick, held between his teeth, and he invented and played quite a good game of ball. After chewing his beloved ball a few moments he would drop it gently before his nose, give it a little push which sent it to the person sitting opposite him, and his friend was expected to send it back until it gently settled before his expectant nose.

He was untiring at this game, although it did not give the same wild thrills that finding stones thrown to the incoming waves and rescued with a mouthful of salt water gave him. If I refused to walk on the beach and throw stones, he would accost any stranger, a boy preferably, pick up a stone with his teeth, deposit it in the boy's hand, look imploringly at him, and run to the water's edge, barking his gay heart out with joyous anticipation. He could swim like a fish, and splashed in the water several times a day whenever we were near a river or the sea. He was active and strong and vividly healthy, his tongue as pink as a rose leaf, and his breath as fresh as heather, although in his puppyhood he had two or three serious illnesses, which he never forgot. First he suffered from a severe attack of mange, caught from a forbidden playfellow, a democratic black dog of an engaging disposition, the

property of a cobbler who lived in a little back street near us.

Like many healthy people, Coaxey seemed to have small powers of resistance, and became so ill that a celebrated veterinary surgeon pronounced his condition hopeless, and advised asphyxiation. He was undoubtedly in a bad way, but I looked in his alert eyes, brimful of confidence and courage, and they seemed to be saying: "Never say die." And I bundled him up in an old flannel dressing-gown, bade Agnes call a cab, and carried him off to the College of Veterinary Surgeons in Camden Town.

What a wonderful place it is, with large rooms of an even temperature, where horses or other animals, who are ill with pneumonia or congestion of the lungs, have a chance for life, good surgeons, good nurses, fresh medicines, and at the head of the hospital Doctor McQueen, a most able, kind, and understanding friend to those who are sick and dumb. With my eyes full of tears, I said, after unwrapping Coaxey's covering:

"Can you cure him?"

"Of course I can," said Doctor McQueen, looking him over. "He's a big, strong fellow, and only needs proper treatment. The chief dif-

ficulty is that you ought to leave him here, and you are not a member."

"That," I said, "is no hindrance. I can become a member." And I did, paying a few pounds, which were never better expended, for Coaxey came home sound and whole, with a beautiful skin and smooth, silky hair.

Unfortunately, the following week, before fully recovering his strength, he ran after T. P.'s bicycle for a whole afternoon, came home in great spirits, panting and wildly happy, but streaming with perspiration. The day was miserably damp and cold, and that night his nose fairly burnt my hand. He drank a gallon of water. The next day he developed pneumonia, lay limp and still in his basket, and this time his pathetic eyes seemed to reveal a mortal sickness.

I wrapped him in a blanket, and again carried him to the veterinary college in Camden Town.

"Back again!" said Doctor McQueen. "What's the matter this time? Dear, dear," he said, taking his temperature, "you have brought me a very sick doggie."

A nurse was called, and Coaxey was in hospital for another month. At the end of that time, fat and saucy, he came back in perfect condition, and it must have been quite four years before it

was necessary, for some trivial illness, to take him again to Camden Town.

In the meantime I am confident he had learned to read; for, when we drew up before the door, he looked up, saw in large letters: "The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons," and lightly he leaped from that cab and blithely he ran back, five miles to Chelsea, and was on the doorstep long before the fat jog-trot of an old cab horse brought me home. I had forgotten to tell him that he was not to be left in Camden Town, only examined and given a prescription by his friend, Dr. McQueen; otherwise I am sure he would have been pleased to go in and see the doctor. But three weeks of inactivity in the hospital was not to be borne, consequently he set his judgment in defiance of mine, and he was neither sorry nor apologetic when we met, and, to my surprise, the long hard run had a most beneficial effect, for the next day he was practically well.

Another incident that added evidence of his being able to read was a visit which he made with me to Doctor Sewell's, the veterinary surgeon living in South Kensington. I wanted to see him in reference to my dear and beautiful little dog, a Yorkshire terrier, James Foster, a former patient of his, who had been cruelly stolen from

me. Coaxey had never been to Mr. Sewell's in his life, but the moment he looked up, and read, "Veterinary Surgeon," he never wasted a moment in exercising the fleetness of his long legs in the direction of Oakley Lodge. I think the last years of his life he became a Christian Scientist, for he refused to take any medicine at all, arguing that water, exercise and silent treatment were all he needed.

In his puppyhood, when ill with distemper, Bee Clark had sat with her gentle hand in his basket for a whole day, and he never forgot it. If two or three years elapsed without her returning to England he was wild with joy at their meeting, and he seemed even to know when she was coming, going back and forth anxiously to the front door, and looking down the street with bright, knowing eyes until she appeared, when he hurled himself with joyous cries upon her. He strutted with pride when she sent him a brave, scarlet leather collar, studded with brass nails, from Paris. And one severe winter pretty Rosita, another of his dear friends, brought him from the famous dog-shop on the Rue St. Honore a tan coat, the misfit of a greyhound.

There was a little pocket on his broad breast, and from it peeped a brilliant handkerchief. It

was not like Desdemona's, embroidered in strawberries, nevertheless it proved a fatal possession, and in its defense he was severely bitten by a cur twice his own size; and, though he fought with courage, he could not help being overwhelmed by superior force.

Ordinarily he was much too manly a dog to wear a coat, but, when a searching wind came up out of the sea, and we were going to walk over the downs to Rottingdean, to protect him from the biting cold I insisted on his wearing his great coat.

On this fatal day we met a plebeian, envious, local dog. He rolled his tongue out in a most mischievous grin when he saw Coaxey's coat, not being accustomed to the clothes of a gentleman, and never having heard of Paris, he ran by his side and dribbled on it with diabolical malice. He was a large, awkward, nondescript mongrel, but in spite of his hazy ancestry I did not suspect him of being despicable enough to attack a dog so much smaller than himself; and, indeed, he cunningly saved his self-respect, such as it was, by provoking Coaxey to strike the first blow, and then, turning savagely, did his best to slaughter him.

Coaxey, always out for popularity, was ami-

COAXEY HAD GROWN AFFECTIONATE AND APPEALING
IN HIS OLD AGE

able under the visible contempt for his coat, but when the black dog lifted a heavy, muddy paw and laid it crushingly on the spotted pocket handkerchief Coaxey bit him on the jaw.

There was an instant engagement. Coaxey stood to his guns, yelping and snapping, but the plebeian got hold of his neck and tried to wring it. I screamed and belabored him with my stick, and he finally let go. Coaxey was bleeding but game. He seized the mongrel, tearing his ear, and, holding on with bulldog tenacity, was whirled in the air by the black dog's swift rotations. The ear gave way, and Coaxey was hurled to the ground, with the mongrel leaping to him and savagely ripping his tan coat to ribbons.

I thanked Heaven that it was not my saucy comedian's skin, and beat the dog furiously about the head with my stick. For a moment he seemed about to turn on me, but, growling and red-eyed, thought better of it, and ran slowly down the hill. What a bad neck and fever his none-too-clean teeth gave poor Coaxey! It required much care and poulticing to get him well, and he would never look again at a coat, though Rosita, a beautiful little needle-woman, bought a yard of tan broadcloth and accurately copied the debased and ruined garment. Much more

intelligent than many human beings my gay dog profited by experience and, after his encounter with the black cur, he was quite wary of making acquaintances, especially with larger dogs, and he became extremely sly and cautious of attack.

One glorious morning of brilliant sunshine, blue sky, and swiftly-sailing silver clouds, Coaxey and I walked on the lawns at Hove. Just in front of us a sporting man and his sporting dog stepped forward with crisp, firm steps. They had neither of them ever heard that

> God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world.

Nevertheless they felt and acted it. Coaxey cocked one eye, looked at them, and laughed. They were an amusing couple.

Everything about the man was round: A round, bullet-head, with a round face and round features, a round body, wearing a very short, round coat; chubby, round hands, wearing brilliant round rings, and thick round feet in well-polished round boots. His dog was a white bull terrier. His shining coat was exquisitely clean and well brushed; he had a pink, coral-colored muzzle, a broad forehead between his bold black

eyes; a finely developed, muscular body, on stockily built legs, and a proud tail that stood out like a curved whip. He only looked once obliquely and contemptuously at Coaxey. A graceful fox terrier, with a lithe, slender body and a wide-open, friendly mouth, was beneath notice—too silly to play with and too soft for a fight. Just a creature to be cut and ignored.

Coaxey's eyes narrowed. The wrinkles appeared, his smile lessened, he laughed in his tail. I saw it shake, and he began making circles around the man and the dog.

"Coaxey," I called, "come here, sir! Do you want to be killed by that bull terrier?"

He paid no heed to me, drawing the circles smaller.

I spoke to him sharply: "Come with me, sir! Do you hear?" And, leaving the lawns, I walked on the Esplanade by the sea, looking back carelessly at the stolid couple. Coaxey followed me; so did the man and the dog. There was the tail of a storm from the night before, the shining, white-capped waves were still riotous and ambitious of climbing over the sea wall. Little red-sailed fishing boats were putting out to catch sole and mackerel. A freshly painted,

busy steamer, laden with passengers, plowed her way toward Worthing.

It was a pleasant scene. The dog and the man stopped to contemplate it. He pushed his jaunty, derby hat back from his round forehead, and, with his round hands clasping the iron railing, looked toward the clear horizon. The bull terrier, close to his master, stood in profile, his muscular tail erect and defiant.

The wrinkles deepened about Coaxey's eyes. He made curved and swift half-circles about the man and dog, who both ignored him, neither of them looking toward him or seeming aware of his presence.

In vain I called: "Coaxey, what do you mean, sir? Come here." The half-circles grew smaller. "Come here, Coaxey. I'll whip you if I catch you."

The bull terrier quivered. He was taking notice and getting annoyed. His proud tail became more rigid, but he pretended to give his undivided attention to the sea. The moment had not yet come to demolish Coaxey. A sudden, brilliant, strategic curve, and my lively tactician seized in the exact middle that patronizing, haughty tail, and with his strong teeth gave it a hurting cr-runch. The white terrier made a

mighty leap, turned in the air like a corkscrew, fell on his feet, then spun about like a top, his nose gathering little flecks of blood as he followed his tail in dizzy rounds, trying to find out what had happened to it. And, after Coaxey's windward attack on the dog, he seized a mouthful of the man's round form, and pressed it in a firm pinch, as he disappeared in a gait that would have put a greyhound to shame.

Never did I see a plump man move with such agility. And never did I hear, even in my native state of Texas, such forcible, picturesque, pertinent oaths. With his hand on his hip they rolled forth, including not only Coaxey, but the world at large in damnation. There was one advantage in the outburst: it relieved his feelings to such an extent that he did not ask for my address.

"I am very, *very* sorry," I ventured to say. "My dog is a puppy, and was only playing. His teeth, I am sure, haven't gone through your trousers."

The man's eyes blazed with rage.

"A puppy!" he said. "Don't talk d——d nonsense, madam. He's bit my dog's tail to the bone! Them ain't puppy teeth. And, if my trousers are thick, it ain't your fault nor his."

He was quite right there. "Well," I said,

"I'm truly and exceedingly sorry. That's all I can say."

"You might add that you wisht he was a puppy," said the man, "an' let it go at that. You an' your puppy, indeed!"

And, leaving the last word to him, I quickly departed and walked in Coaxey's direction. About a mile from the scene of disaster, I found him wildly barking, wet with brine, and busy with a boy whom he had inveigled to throw stones for him.

"You naughty dog," I called. "You bad dog! You almost got us both in trouble. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Coaxey looked at me, joyous, panting, his pink tongue stiffened, every tooth visible, a laugh in his tail, manly, saucy and impertinent.

"Now, don't be putting on airs with me," he seemed to say. "You know you enjoy a joke more than most. Think how you will entertain your friends telling them about this prank of mine and how I punished vain pride."

The next time Coaxey seized a pair of trousers they were old, and yielded obligingly to the strain. The man who wore them was a red-faced workman, with a fine sense of his own rights. He invaded my drawing-room, and in-

formed me that either he would have the law on me or I should pay him two pounds.

I paid him the two pounds without a word.

Coaxey, after this, seemed to realize the enormity of his conduct, and did not have another outbreak for quite a year.

When Christmas came my dear friends, the Clarks, were spending the winter in Brighton, and pretty Caroline, for the festal season, made him the dress of a Gordon Highlander; a correct Scotch kilt, a black velvet jacket, with silver buttons, a plaid held by a thistle, a small Scotch cap, tilted on his left ear, and red knitted stockings.

After dinner Monsieur Wolff appeared, leading him by the right paw, tongue hanging out, eyes brilliant with excitement, and eager for his performance. "Steady, Coaxey, steady." And, placing him in the center of the room, his friend played, with true Scotch fire, a Highland fling, and Coaxey did justice to the music. The plaits of his kilts opened with his rapid whirls. He jumped and turned, his cap fell over one eye. Monsieur Wolff played faster and faster. Coaxey revolved until he became a ring of color, then wavered, but, before he fell, Monsieur Wolff jumped from the piano, seized his paw,

and they were both bowing to thunderous applause and gay laughter.

Ah, me! I have Coaxey's little Highland dress still. Sometimes I lift it from a cedar chest and look at it through a mist of tears, for it brings not only a memory of my gay comedian, but of happier years that can never come again.

After Coaxey's triumph as a dancer, Bee and I thought he should receive a more complete and higher education. There was an old man on the Brighton pier with a troop of performing dogs, who received at his house a few promising pupils, and he agreed to take Coaxey and give him a finishing course.

The quarter's tuition included quite a number of accomplishments. He was, among other things, to learn the schottische, to smoke a pipe, to march on his hind legs carrying a toy gun, and to dance in the ballet with the professionals. The Tweeny was to take him to school at nine o'clock in the morning and call for him at twelve o'clock at noon. He went away gayly, but he returned wounded, mortified and unhappy. for a poodle in the graduating class, who had never prayed to be delivered from envy, jealousy or malice, at Coaxey's first graceful step in the

schottische rushed forward and bit him on the shoulder.

There was a great uproar among the pupils. A ballet skirt was torn, two pipes were broken, a rubber ball disappeared, and the poodle was kept in for the whole afternoon. Coaxey's shoulder was lame, a swelling the size of an egg had to be looked to, and his usual, bright expression was worried and somber.

I said to Bee: "Even to smoke, which would make him a still more congenial companion to his friend, Monsieur Wolff, I can't have his proud spirit broken. He hasn't smiled since that day in school." So the Tweeny carried a note to Professor Jackson, telling him that, with Coaxey's exceedingly sensitive temperament, it would be impossible for him to attend school until he had recovered from his unfortunate experience, and regrettably for the moment his education was in abeyance.

The old professor replied in a letter which was soothing to both Coaxey and myself. It was written on mauve paper, with an interesting red crest, and he said he was exceedingly sorry to hear of my decision about so talented a pupil; that Coaxey might be a genius from the way he had attacked the schottische. The poodle had gradu-

ated and gone home, and all the other pupils were well disposed and kind. He had never had such an accident in the school before, and he hoped I would reconsider my decision. But Coaxey's shoulder was still swollen, the Tweeny's mother died, and we left Brighton, so he never went back for his finishing course, but without it he was a wonderfully accomplished dog.

CHAPTER XV

COAXEY AS A SPORTSMAN

Coaxey was far too much of a man to content himself with parlor tricks only. His keenest interest in life was sport. No toreador, darting a sword-thrust in the vulnerable spot of the bull's neck, could strike with greater precision than Coaxey, when he picked up a cat by the neck, gave it one shake and dropped it, dead.

I don't know cats intimately enough to love them; my superficial acquaintance has only resulted in a tepid liking; but I always did my best to save them from murder and sudden death.

One morning a beautiful, long-haired Persian pet, with a red collar, came in the garden. I happened to be looking out of the window. He was met by Coaxey—a pounce, a shake, and all was over.

The catastrophe was too quick to beg for mercy. I ran downstairs, called the Tweeny to hurry and dig a grave. Now that the dread deed was done it was my duty to protect Coaxey, evi-

dently the Persian had been loved and might be embarrassingly mourned. So, from the moment the cat entered the yard until the interment, the time could not have been more than eight minutes—probably the quickest death and funeral in the world.

"Bad, bad dog," I said. "You are a murderer. You can never wipe out the damned stain. I must get my dog whip, and make you remember this episode."

Coaxey gave me a brief glance of malicious triumph, and was off for the day, making his return so late in the evening that he knew my joy at seeing him again would be greater than my wrath.

Cats were not his only game. He was a versatile hunter of many creatures, and, if the worst came to the worst, and there was nothing else to be found, he sat apparently dozing in the midst of a bunch of noisy, quarrelsome sparrows, and, without warning, suddenly darted forward, scattering them with wild angry cries. And once or twice he came in the house holding a baby bird carefully in his mouth; but I told him to catch unsuspecting fledglings was the action of a coward, and he abandoned birds as forbidden fruit.

One summer, instead of the sea, I rented a little house in Bushy. There was a good garden, several fine old trees with holes at the roots, and Coaxey spent long, sunny afternoons with his nose down an aperture, scenting his prey. He had grown wiser, no longer breathed loud, belligerent breaths, but exercised self-control, although it made him shiver. He kept perfectly still, and his *finesse* was eventually rewarded by a fat weasel.

One evening at dinner I put my foot on a round footstool, the texture seemed queer and rough, and I did not remember having seen it, but in a furnished house some things escape notice.

Several times I had to say: "Coaxey, don't be so silly. Take your nose off my footstool, stop snorting on it, and on the buckles of my slippers."

The dinner was very gay. Frederic Norton, in iridescent mood, scintillated rainbow stories, and there is no better story-teller in the world than he, nor one who has a greater power of placing a picture in definite color and outline before you.

We laughed through fish, roast, salad, dessert, and, still laughing, we got up from the table.

Coaxey, usually so fond of good company, remained mysteriously hidden, and continued to blow long breaths on the footstool.

"Coaxey, you are a fool," I said. He put his head out from under the table-cloth, his distended eyes were like two burning stars, his dry tongue hung out, he was panting quickly, and there were flecks of blood and foam about his mouth.

"Coaxey," I said. "Come out from under the table. What's the matter with you, sir?"

His eyes were red with excitement, the wrinkles terribly deep at the corners, and he blinked strangely. The weather was very hot.

"He's going mad, or perhaps he is already mad," I said. "He has blood on his jaws. I wonder if he's bitten anybody. Agnes, go at once for the veterinary surgeon, and no one must touch him until we know what's the matter."

Coaxey gave me a peculiar look.

"This is too much," he seemed to say. "A vet.! Just wait a minute and see what I've got." And, diving under the table, he brought forth my footstool. It was a monster hedgehog. He had brought it from the woods, and, although his poor tongue and mouth were lacerated and bleeding from the spines, he felt and was a proud and mighty huntsman.

The hedgehog, not mortally wounded, was put out in the garden; from there he must have made his way to the woods again, for the next morning he was nowhere to be seen.

It was not long after this triumph that Coaxey learned to fish. Pearl Craigie had asked me for a visit to Ventnor, adding a thoughtful postscript "to be sure and bring Coaxey." She knew him, liked his liveliness and his diverting tricks. When we arrived a pleasant party was assembled at Steephill Castle: Mr. and Mrs. Richards, the host and hostess; Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Richards' amiable sister, Mrs. Craigie, and her young son, George Street, and the Reverend Monsignor Brown, an extremely manly, agreeable prelate.

Coaxey, a divining judge of character, at first sight appreciated and appropriated him, and, wherever Father Brown went, he followed closely at his heels; on their long walks together they always passed by the beautiful terrace at the back of the house; in the center of it a fountain rose high and splashed back in a moss-grown basin; two fish, an old carp and a copper-colored gold fish, swam about, and Father Brown would say to Coaxey, who stopped to enviously regard them:

"Catch 'em, Coaxey. Catch 'em, boy. I dare

you to catch 'em." No one had ever dared Coaxey. Then and there he resolved to become an angler.

"Don't encourage him to go fishing," I said. "He admires you so much, Father Brown, that he will do anything you tell him."

Father Brown laughed incredulously.

"Believe me, dear madam," he said, "if Coaxey catches either one of those fish my respect for him will be vastly increased."

Coaxey cocked his head to one side, and his eyes brightened.

"Take care," I said. "He's listening. He is capable of the most reckless deeds to please you. If he does catch those fish, it will be entirely your fault."

"Catch 'em, boy," said Father Brown. "Catch 'em."

Coaxey stood at the edge of the basin, estimating time between himself and a disappearing tail.

"You are going," I said, "to get him into trouble."

"If I do," said Father Brown, "it won't be because he goes a-fishing. Come, Coaxey, we'll have a swim." And joyously my comedian ran down to the beach and waited for his friend. He

was more experienced in bathing and bathers then when, as a puppy, he saw T. P. dive off the Brighton pier, threw himself with a wild cry into the water, and, to save his master from drowning, climbed with sharp energetic claws on T. P.'s back.

In the Isle of Wight the sun often shines, but rainy days must intervene, and one morning there was a steady downpour, and alternately the rain and the fountain splashed a sort of Hiawatha's song. The long French windows were opened on the Terrace, and presently Coaxey came in dripping, with the old carp in his mouth, and much the same expression that Napoleon must have worn when the crown of an emperor was placed upon his august head.

My plucky sportsman laid the fish at my feet, and looked around for Father Brown, his accessory to the deed.

"Coaxey," I said, "oh, Coaxey! The poor fish. Have you killed him? What a pity! He's like the carp with a ring in his nose at Versailles, that Ferson and Marie Antoinette put in the fountain together."

The Ventnor carp was still breathing. I ran through the rain and threw him in the basin. Then I forcibly explained *meum* and *tuum* to Coaxey.

It made no impression upon him. The burning fire of conquest had entered his blood. He only wanted his prey. When Father Brown came in the room he greeted him with suppressed excitement, and tried to tell him of his *coup de grâce*.

Father Brown patted his head, and said: "What's up, old boy, been fishing?"

"That's exactly what he has been doing," I said. "Without line or rod he caught the carp, brought him in the drawing-room to lay at your feet, and, as you were not here, he laid him at mine."

"Good fisherman," said Father Brown, laughing. "What is one carp less in the world?"

"What, indeed," said the angler, with a loud bark, "or one gold fish, either, for the matter of that?"

"Plucky boy! plucky boy!" said Father Brown, and when the rain ceased and we looked in the fountain the ancient and honorable carp floated peacefully upside down, all his fishy troubles at an end.

Coaxey was told that he was a bad dog, a very bad dog, and, if he so much as dipped his nose in the fountain he would be flayed alive; but excitement made him deaf, and that night in his dreams he snuffled water, and snapped his jaws

together catching fish. When the housemaid brought my tea he was already restless and begging to get downstairs.

"Don't," I said to her, "let him out of your sight a moment. He'll be in the fountain if you do."

Not heeding my warning, she opened the front door. In a flash he sped around to the back of the house, and when next I saw him he carried the gold fish in his mouth. Not so badly hurt as the carp, it lived four days in a bowl of water, but I felt that Coaxey would never again be a welcome visitor to Steephill Castle, although his hosts, like true gentlefolk, made light of the loss of their fishes.

And ever afterward my manly comedian—wasn't Joseph Jefferson a great fisherman?—had a new and keen joy in life. Even the scent of a fish-stall filled him with delight, and when we stayed on the Norfolk Broads he spent all his days on the banks of the river fishing. It was more difficult and better sport than the fountain, although he was very moderately successful. His catches were small, but it was not so much the fish he wanted as to exercise the true sportsman's quickness and skill.

My household had been increased by the gift

of a beautiful, gentle little dog, a Yorkshire terrier, James D. Phelan; and shortened for every day use to Mr. Phelan. He was a tiny creature, with long, gray, silky hair, touched with russet, a gray veil over his soft eyes, and a black button of a nose. He was so tender, appealing and affectionate, that Coaxey never had a pang of jealousy, even when Mr. Phelan, a worthy representative of his aristocratic family, the Grindley Wonders, first arrived from Scotland.

Mr. Phelan loved everything in the world, even cats. This taste was hard for Coaxey to understand and to forgive. When he came in one day and found Mr. Phelan asleep in his basket with a kitten he wanted to slay them both, but Mr. Phelan's attitude to Coaxey was so flattering—like that of a little boy and a big boy—subservient and admiring, that Coaxey first patronized, then loved him. And, while we were sailing on the Norfolk Broads, my little terrier, a town-bred dog, saw for the first time a family of ducks. They greatly interested him, and he dived off the boat and swam toward them. There was a strong wind blowing; all our sails were set, and we were scudding along in the opposite direction. Mr. Phelan was very small, easily exhausted and a feeble swimmer.

"Go!" I said. "Go and fetch Mr. Phelan, Coaxey."

Instantly he dived off the boat, which, low and broad, was not high above the water, swam to Mr. Phelan, seized him by the scruff of the neck, and towed him back to the boat. And it was for Mr. Phelan that he performed the most unselfish act of his life.

The little dog was suffering from a severe illness. The veterinary had called in the evening and said: "I doubt if he lasts through the night. Ring me up in the morning and tell me if it is useless my coming again."

The next day Phelan was scarcely conscious, but still breathing. I had him on my lap in his little basket when Coaxey came in the room, healthy and debonair, chewing his sacred ball. It was an object that no one in the world was allowed to touch—unless a game was going on—except myself.

"Coaxey," I said, "oh, Coaxey, I'm so unhappy. I'm afraid your poor brer Phelan is going to die." And, lifting the basket, I placed it on the floor. Very quietly Coaxey walked over, stood beside it, looked a long time at Phelan, and then, with a self-sacrificing sigh, deposited the ball just in front of his poor little hot

nose, and looked at me with speaking eyes, saying: "I've given him my rubber ball. It's all I have, and the nicest thing on earth. If it doesn't make him well nothing will."

And, with another deep sigh of renunciation, he turned his back to the basket—lest he might, like an Indian-giver, be tempted to take back his gift—and sat down mournfully, gazing into the fire.

Little Phelan didn't notice the ball, although he got better from that day, so I put it on the mantelpiece. Coaxey's eyes filled with joy, and after a while he stood up on his hind legs, got it for himself, and went to the kitchen, hoping for, and I daresay finding, a young man to play ball with him.

Very often he lost his ball, leaving it in the garden, or, if we were in the country, he dropped it on a hill or in a meadow.

"Mind you, Coaxey," I would say, "you have got to find that ball. If you don't you won't get another. I can't afford two shillings a week on balls. You might just as well play golf."

And, indeed, if for some weeks he was ballless, in lieu of better things he would appropriate a golf ball, although it was hard to chew, and not at all good for his digestion.

I have known him, after a ball had been lost in the grass for two or three weeks, to search his memory, suddenly recollect the precise location, and, without turning to the right or to the left, go directly to the spot, find it, bring it back and then what hearty praise was his.

As the years went on Coaxey's wild outbursts of boyish animal spirits, when only a leap and a nip at a stolid passerby relieved his jubilant excitement, grew less frequent; but yet, if the day was splendid, with clear, frosty sunshine, the temptation unusual and appealing to his sense of humor, he succumbed.

One Sunday morning we were taking a walk in the vicinity of a little church, and met a good-natured-looking young man, and his sweetheart. She had bleached hair, brilliant cheeks, wore new shoes, evidently, from her gait, too small for her, and on her tightly gloved forefinger dangled a bead bag.

The combination was too much for Coaxey. His gay tongue rolled out, and his teeth were visible, his eyes narrowed, the wrinkles came, and he began making his fatal circles.

In vain I called: "Coaxey, you bad dog, come here!" He laughed and paid no attention. Presently the circle narrowed to reaching dis-

tance, when he leaped up in the air, seized the bead bag in his teeth, shook it, and dropped it to the ground. Out rolled powder, rouge, red lip salve, a small bottle of perfume and a pocket handkerchief.

Coaxey, stretching his fleet legs, immediately vanished from the scene of disaster, and it was well that he did, for never have I seen such violent, spiteful rage. Assisted by the young man, I meekly picked up the various articles and restored the bag to the irate young woman. She snatched it from my hand, and told me I was "no lady" to keep such a wicked dog.

"My dear Gladys," the young man said, "the lady tried to prevent it. She kept calling her dog." The young woman turned violently on him.

"Don't be stupid," she said viciously. "Why didn't you run after the wretched beast and kill him?"

"If the bag is damaged," I said, "I will willingly pay for it. I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"The bag is all right, madam," said the young man quickly. And he lifted his hat, gently engaged the young woman's elbow, and piloted her suffering feet down the street and around the

corner. But, of one thing I am sure, Coaxey opened the eyes of that unsuspecting lover to the true character of his fiancée, and probably prevented a life's unhappiness.

It was hours before he got home, bringing a rush of fresh air with him. He was in the gayest spirits, his nice country tongue lolling out, and the wicked, humorous wrinkles still visible about his shining eyes.

After such a lark he could not settle down at once to the humdrum of ordinary existence, and, seeing he was on the lookout for fresh adventure, I tried to confine our walks to the Embankment, where there were comparatively few people.

One day there were some errands to do in Sloane Street. I told him he couldn't go.

"I haven't forgotten," I said, "the way you behaved about that bead bag. I won't let you walk with me to-day." Looking grieved and disappointed, with drooping ears and tail, he disappeared. At the top of Sloane Street I met him, tongue out, tail curled, uplifted ears, and a general air of cheerful bravado. When he spoke to me I must have smiled, for he gayly followed me, and waited three-quarters of an hour before Harvey and Nicholls. I was selecting chintz cur-

tains, and it was difficult to choose among the many lovely designs.

We were some time in a bookshop, bought buttons at Catt's, and finally started home. All went well until we reached Sloane Square. There we met a man of exceedingly comic appearance, wearing eye-glasses, and a heavy drooping mustache, a high silk hat, jauntily on one side of his head, and gloves of bright lemon-yellow; his frock coat was unusually long, and a large purple orchid stood well away from his button-hole.

Coaxey's eyes narrowed, and the wrinkles appeared. I admonished him, but he made no warning circles; employing new tactics, he gave a lightning run, tearing off, swift in his course, as the winner of the Derby. His flight was only interrupted by one mighty leap in the air, when he seized the man's orchid in his gleaming teeth, and bore it away to Chelsea.

With the impact of his muscular body, the hat gave a further lurch, and the eye-glasses fell from his eyes.

"Thank Heaven," I said to myself, "they are on a chain." The man stamped his foot with rage, and looked around for Coaxey's owner. I loitered some distance away, stood before a shop window, opened my parasol, and sauntered up

the street. There is danger in mental telepathy —it "telepaths" at most inconvenient moments. My mind would dwell upon flowers, especially orchids. As I passed him, fired with suspicion he accosted me in a voice trembling with passion, and said:

"Did you see a dog, madam?"

"I have seen," I said, "quite twenty dogs this morning: Dachshunds, St. Bernards, Skipperkees, collies, bulldogs, Skye terriers, Pomeranians. I don't know whether you've noticed just now how popular toy Pomeranians are. Their lovely brown color tones in with the fashionable fur of the season."

"This dog," he said, "was no toy, but a long-legged, wicked-hearted fox terrier. I observe that you have not mentioned fox terriers in that comprehensive dog list of yours. Did you by any chance——" I interrupted him quickly.

"Neither did I mention Russian greyhounds or spotted coach dogs. They are getting rare, by the way, or King Charles spaniels or poodles. This is my omnibus. Good-morning."

And, as I put my foot on the step, the man said: "Neither did you mention orchids." Nor had I the slightest wish to do so.

CHAPTER XVI

COAXEY'S VICTORIOUS BATTLE AND THE LONELY END OF A JOYOUS LIFE

For quite two years after the flower episode Coaxey was removed from temptation by fortunate environment. We went to live outside of Brighton in the country. The house faced the downs and the sea, while the garden looked over the golf course, which gave him opportunities of participating in the popular game. And, if he lost his sacred rubber ball, he replaced it by a nice new golf ball.

The butcher, baker and grocer's boys often invited him to go their rounds, and he had a pleasant circle of acquaintances, from Kemptown to Rottingdean, who kept him supplied with bones.

And there was plenty of energetic work to be done, requiring vigorous, healthy exercise. He found whole families of field mice, grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, and pink baby quintettes, quartettes and triplets, to be exterminated. For that he had to dig long nar-

row trenches with swift, furiously working paws, and directed the excavations by a nose thrust well under the earth.

Sometimes the divining nose discovered a mistake, and a secondary trench would start from the right or left of the main one, and eventually he would unearth the family doomed to destruction.

His friend, Max Beerbohm, called him the engineer. His trenches were neatly made, and ran long distances over the downs.

They were happy, healthy days for Coaxey, notwithstanding a blood feud with Bobs, who lived next door, a stocky, surly, quarrelsome fox terrier, with no intermittence of will. He hated Coaxey without an interlude from the beginning to the end of their acquaintance, and the fact of his mistress and myself being neighborly neighbors and friends, made no appeal to him, and never altered the vendetta between himself and his foe.

When spring came and the sun sparkled on the sea, and the flowers blossomed, and the strawberries ripened, and nature smiled her sweetest, Coaxey, in harmony with the season, made amiable overtures to his enemy. But his friendliness was instantly repudiated with guttural, warlike

warnings from Bobs, who stalked into the house, and mentally slammed the door in Coaxey's face.

Notwithstanding his hatred of Coaxey, Bobs greatly admired, and desired to emulate him. He stood afar off, watching my gay comedian dig for field mice, scorning to come too near, he fancied that, after finding them, Coaxey ate them up. That is where he made his almost fatal mistake, for, with a heavy paw, Coaxey patted them into oblivion, and decently buried them again.

Bobs, in jealous envy, dug a few rough, unworkmanlike trenches, ate up one or two families of field mice, and was sick unto death.

After that he gave up digging, and the waters of bitterness rolled over his envious soul, as he sat on the porch ennuied from inaction, and suffering from an acrid digestion, it was almost more than he could bear to look out of the tail of a sly eye and see his loathed foe, in jocund mood, pawing workmanlike ditches, and, on the finding of a particularly plethoric mouse, announcing the event by loud, victorious barks.

One morning Bobs' gentle lady put his basket on the steps in the sun. He curled himself up for a short nap, but, after surveying the enchanting day and landscape, she extended an in-

vitation to him for a walk, and off he scampered after her, passed Coaxey with a "dash it! don't you dare speak to me, Coaxey O'Connor, or whatever your name may be," and disappeared with his missy toward Ovingdean.

Coaxey was in a humorous mood that morning. He looked at the basket with its comfortable little fur rug, and gave a sardonic grin. It was Bobs' castle, when a few treasured bones reposed under the rug, even his missy was not allowed to touch it.

Coaxey made a short tour with the baker's boy to Kemptown, and an hour later came gayly up the hill, mouth open in a wide smile, eyes narrowed, wrinkles showing, and his long tail curled with debonair sauciness. He stood for a few seconds looking at Bobs' basket, leaped over the low wall, and boldly seated himself in the middle of it. His ears pricked, his broad, muscular chest thrown out, his head impudently cocked on one side, waiting.

From a long distance Bobs caught sight of his arch-enemy seated on his hearthstone. The awful sight rooted him to earth.

He stood stock still, unable to move, thinking he must be the victim of a cruel nightmare, an impossible hallucination. But Coaxey let loose

the dogs of war, and called him to a sense of reality by unearthing a few choice bones and tossing them out of the basket. Then, like a monarch taking possession of a throne, he boldly reseated himself, contemplated the landscape, and incidentally Bobs.

With a composite sound of bark, howl and a cry of wounded rage, Bobs dashed to the fray. Coaxey braced the muscles of his chest to a taut firmness, and said, like *Macbeth:* "Before my body, I throw my warlike shield, and damned be he that first cries, hold, enough!"

Bobs, with a warlike whoop, hurled himself against the shield, and a fair fight and no quarter began.

Coaxey, having deliberately declared war, dealt his blows with fine precision. Bobs, with greater passion, but less science, fought for home and country.

It was a fine set-to. They were well matched combatants, and gave bite for bite, scratch for scratch and snarl for snarl; and either might have been conquerors or conquered, when Coaxey's strategical tactics enabled him to deliver a master stroke, chain victory to his car, and leave the field with flying colors.

At the psychological moment, when Bobs

seemed to be *prendre le mors aux dents,* literally burying his teeth in Coaxey's neck, Coaxey ran his head between Bobs' front legs, and bit him under the belt. The place was fat and very tender. Bobs stepped back, faint with pain. Coaxey leaped into the precious basket, bracing himself for his Armageddon, but Bobs, overcome with choking rage, fell in a sort of convulsion; and Coaxey, stepping over his prostrate body, ran home.

Bobs was completely disabled, and it was weeks before Coaxey was himself again. A large lump appeared on his neck which required poultices and called for the lancet, but, in a momentary fracas, Bobs inserted an eye tooth in the exact spot, to Coaxey's instant relief.

That spring they were both suitors for the same lady's favor, and there were several fights, not severe, as her only attraction to Bobs was to cross swords with a hated rival.

The lady in question was an elderly, peaceful, plebeian, obese, woolly, blear-eyed, indifferent dog. She had grown old gracefully, and had done with admirers. Her chief desires were to lie in the sun and scratch herself; but to poor Coaxey, blind with love, she seemed a beautiful, desirable, seductive, young goddess of a dog.

In the first days of his infatuation he was content to sit at her feet and spend hours gazing at her. Later the days were not long enough. He got up at five o'clock in the morning, when the dew was on the blossom and everybody was in bed, to fly to her side.

T. P., disturbed by his barking, had to get out of bed and unlock the front door to let him out, and was so unsympathetic and threatening that Coaxey, like other true, large-hearted lovers I have known, even in the human race, not only adopted her but her entire family, and from that day returned no more to his home.

Like many another loved one among relations-at-law, in spite of his devotion to the lady, her family were prejudiced against him; and the woolly dog's missy wrote me a polite letter to say she found him a nuisance, and was obliged to keep her old dog, who scorned him, shut up, and that he had been to church with her and barked in the middle of Mass, and would I please send for him at once.

I did, and forwarded him to Oakley Lodge and Rose for reformation. He came to his senses under her strong, guiding hand, and returned to Brighton a changed dog. Cupid no longer blinded his vision. The scales had fallen from

his eyes. The first time he met his ancient love on the downs he cut her, nor was this his only revenge. There must have been a moment—for later, two queer little mongrel puppies were born. And she died.

We had gone back from Brighton to our house in London in February, which, with lightening skies, early snowdrops, and impulsive crocus, is usually a month of hope, but that year the long gray days were as damp and chill as November. Everybody had succumbed to lethargic depression—even Coaxey dozed by the fire—when one morning a brilliant sun, jubilant, purposeful and promising springlike warmth, made the sad world cheerful and Coaxey went mad from joy.

When we started for a walk Kensington way he darted as an arrow shot from a bow, and, meeting a small boy, in sheer ecstasy of spirits seized and whizzed him about in a lively circle. The little fellow, timid, nervous, and, unhappily for me, lightly clad, yelled with fright, and just at this most awkward moment a policeman hove in sight.

One of life's ironies is the inevitable absence of policemen when really needed and the inconvenient proximity when not wanted.

The stalwart guardian of the law was tall,

pink, fiery and energetic. "Here, you little chap," he said, "what's the trouble?"

"The lady's dog bit me," said the boy.

"Oh, no, he hasn't," I said cheerfully. "He's a light-hearted puppy, and wants the boy to play with him. You bad dog, to be so rough."

The wrinkles deepened about Coaxey's eyes. He laughed. The policeman took a good long look at him. "That dog," he said, "must have been three years old when he was born if he's any puppy now, an' it's asy enough to see how deep his play wint into the child. We'll go to the chemist's across the way an' luk."

My heart sank. The boy wore no coat and his trousers were thin. I hesitated.

"What is your name, miss?" said the policeman.

"Mrs. T. P. O'Connor," I said. His face never lightened, and I had hoped so much from his nationality.

"Aren't you an Irishman?" I asked.

"Yes," he said sourly, "a Protestant, from Ulster." Then I knew that all was lost.

The little boy's mother believed in the entire oxygenation of the body; his coarse serge trousers were very loosely woven, and he wore nothing underneath. Coaxey's glad spring teeth had not

broken the skin, but there were red marks, which he wanted to lick and make well.

"He's bin bit, right enough," said the Ulsterman.

"How can you say such a thing?" I said indignantly. "The skin is scarcely red. My puppy only gave him a wee pinch."

"Did you ever hear, ma'am, that you can't teach an old dog new tricks? This old puppy of yours can't be broke of these old tricks of his, but he can be made to pay for 'em. What's your address, ma'am?"

And he viciously wrote down "Oakley Lodge, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea," refused to allow me to give the boy any gum drops, and led him away with as much sympathy as if Coaxey had bitten him to the bone.

A calm succeeded the storm. Not a word did I hear for the next three weeks, and I said to T. P.: "That boy's people must be rather decent; if I knew where they lived I'd send them five shillings, for undoubtedly Coaxey did tear the child's trousers. Perhaps I misjudged that Ulsterman. Maybe he didn't betray me, after all."

Fate laughed. And the very next day an official-looking document arrived—a long, tough,

blue envelope, from a solicitor's office, demanding as compensation for that superficial pinch five golden guineas. They were to cover "nervous shock, resulting from the bite of a full-grown dog"—there I detected the red hand of Ulster—the attendance of a doctor for two weeks, the solicitor's expenses, and a new suit of clothes for the boy.

"Coaxey has been blackmailed," I said to T. P. "I shall communicate immediately with Scotland Yard. It's their business to protect him from blackmailers."

"And get yourself into more trouble?" said T. P. "Do, I beg of you, pay the infernal five pounds. Very likely Coaxey did bite the boy."

"Bite the boy!" I said. "Haven't I told you that he only gave him a wee pinch, and here you array yourself on the side of Coaxey's enemies." But T. P., though witty, like so many of his countrymen, lacks humor; he wrote out a cheque, accompanied with a polite note to the solicitor, and the incident was closed before I could appeal to Scotland Yard.

Why is it that Fate loves and works so disastrously through the number three? Possibly because it is allied to the unpopular and calamitous number thirteen.

If you break one precious object, you break three. If you lose one treasured pocket handkerchief, you lose three. If you have one umbrella purloined, two others, no matter how carefully guarded, mysteriously disappear.

At one time I was fortunate enough to own a faithful umbrella and, except a dog, it is the only faithful thing I ever did own, but under the ribs of that umbrella beat a loyal heart, and for years it followed me, refused to get lost, and, what was quite as remarkable as its devotion, was its beautiful and expensive appearance. The frame of honest English workmanship, combining delicacy and strength, was covered in a rich silk of sea blue. The severely plain silver gilt handle supported a translucent amber knob of tortoise shell, and yet, in spite of envious, would-be possessors, that exquisite umbrella clung to me with steadfast persistence, and eventually became a pleasant link between Scotland Yard and Chelsea. Whenever it was missed I went to the Lost Property Office, and asked if it was there, and, dear thing, it always was; until, going to the theater, I lost a black lace scarf, followed it with a fur boa, and then my wise umbrella, much against its will, was forced to complete the un-

lucky three, and I never saw its magnificence again.

Coaxey, being a part of the great scheme of things, had to complete his fatal three. He chose an elderly lady, and, seizing a mouthful of her thick, tweed skirt, whirled her suddenly around in the hesitation waltz—the hesitation being entirely on her part—leaving her dizzy and furious, while, as usual, he sped away and left me to bear the burden of his sins.

"I shall send you in a bill for my skirt," she said. "He's torn it all to pieces." But I directed her vision to a damp spot, which was the only damage, praised her judgment in selecting cloth, and said: "Do allow me to send you a pot of flowers, in memory of my puppy's liveliness. There is a flower-shop just here." And together we stepped in, selected a dwarf rose, the flower girl wrote down her address, and we parted most courteously.

That was his number two; the completion of his three was a much more complex affair. We were walking down Sloane Street, when we saw a messenger boy of an agreeable plumpness and jauntiness, stepping saucily in front of us. The combination was too great a temptation for Coaxey's powers of resistance, and, without any

warning circles or sound of disapproval he leaped up and pinched him.

The boy's air of sauciness dropped like a mantle. He rubbed the spot, and lifted up his voice in a most unmanly wail:

"I never even seen him, an' he bit me."

Of course he hadn't seen him. Coaxey never intended that he should. Having forgotten my purse, I had no balm to offer, and the lamentations became an angry howl. Then from the earth apparently rose up one of London's unemployed, dirty, ragged, vicious and interfering. He was free with his comments.

"Yus," he said, "yus, the rich lets their dogs bite the pore. What does they care, after makin' theirselves rich off'n the sweatings of us workin' men." It had been many a long year since he had done any work. "An' what has this fine lidy give you for the bite?"

"Nothin'," said the boy, "not—a—bob."

"Oh, that's like 'em," said the tramp. "You don't 'appen to 'ave a soup ticket 'andy, 'ave you, mum?"

"I have no money with me at all. Otherwise I should have given the boy something," I said.

"That's a likely story, that is," said the tramp. "I knowed you wuz one er them soup kitchen

lidies the minnit I seen yer—one er them what refers the starvin' to a committee. Oh, I knows 'em, I does. Don't cry, boy; I only wisht I could see a p'leeceman, that's all."

And, if possessing Aladdin's magic lamp he had rubbed himself a policeman, one could not have appeared with greater promptitude.

When the injured lad caught sight of a tall form, broad shoulders, and comfortable brass buttons—the London policeman, a manly, sensible fellow, is really a harbinger of help—the boy's quieter snuffles, calling for sympathy, increased to a mighty howl.

"Here, w'at's all this? W'at's all this?" the officer asked. The unemployed rushed into the breach. "It's wot it always is, the rich ag'in the pore, that's wot it is. Somebody callin' 'erself a lidy, letten of 'er dog bite a piece out uv a 'ard-workin' lad, an' not a fardin' be'ind it."

"That's enough from you," said the policeman. "Hold your gab."

The tramp murmured in a low tone: "An' we ain't even listened to when we gives hevidence, the pore ain't."

The policeman had taken out his notebook, and was searching for his nib of a pencil. It gave me time for reflection. The memory of the Ul-

sterman became acute, and instantaneously converted me to "pragmatism"—a doctrine, according to the dictionary, "that estimates any assertion solely by its practical bearing upon human interests." Having unearthed his pencil, the policeman said:

"What is your name?"

Clearly it was not in my human interest to remain Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. I bit my cue, and, without a second's hesitation, pragmatically became Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor. The officer wrote it down, and spelled Cholmondely, "Chumley." I corrected him sweetly. The unbelieving unemployed scraped his feet with impatience and groaned. The boy had ceased howling and confined himself to a continuous dreary snuffle.

"What is your address?" said the policeman.

"Fifty-five Cadogan Gardens," I said again, biting my cue, and "treating facts of history in reference to their practical lessons." Certainly the rôle of pragmatist fitted me admirably. I had always instinctively known that, if dire necessity arose, I might be mendacious, but I had never dreamed of such readiness and resource!

The policeman and the few people assembled believed in and respected Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor, of 55 Cadogan Gardens. Not so the

tramp. He instinctively repudiated her and constituted himself a detective to dog her steps and discover her real identity. The accident had happened near the house of a doctor whom I knew, and who had occasionally attended me. I asked the policeman and the boy to accompany me there. The tramp came too.

A neat parlor maid answered the bell. Luckily for me the doctor's wife, a meticulous housekeeper, often changed her servants. This one had never seen me before.

"Is Doctor Nicholls or Mrs. Nicholls at home?" I asked.

"No, madam; they are both out."

"I am Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor, a patient of the doctor's, and have left my purse at home. Get me half a crown, please." I spoke with such quick authority that the girl disappeared, and promptly returned with the money. I thanked her and gave it to the boy.

"Now, officer," I said cheerfully, "will you take the lad to Doctor Nicholls' Dispensary, No. 18 Buckingham Palace Road? The boy's trousers are not torn; he hasn't been bitten, only pinched by a playful puppy." The policeman, being an Englishman, said nothing. "But I want you to give him into the hands of my own

doctor. Say Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor sent you. I have been for years past a patient of his, and he will make a thorough examination."

The boy, a half crown in his pocket, had completely recovered his cheerfulness, and he and the policeman walked off in the direction of the dispensary.

I started with Coaxey toward Chelsea, followed by the tramp. When we got as far as Sloane Square, we turned into Peter Jones's, one of those, on occasion, havens of refuge with two entrances. A polite floorman demanded in a seductive voice: "Your pleasure, madam." It was not ribbon or laces—only to get through the shop as quickly as possible, and slip out of the back entrance to safety.

As we scampered up the narrow back street on a corner of the King's Road we saw a slowly turning figure, trying to command all points of the compass at the same moment. It was the unemployed, and we just escaped his revolving eye. It gave me a delicious moment to elude this wary atom of wickedness, for, had he not been outwitting credulous humanity for years, while Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor was the merest tyro at his game? The half crown was returned to the parlor maid by Rose's sister from the coun-

try, and as neither the boy nor the policeman reported to Doctor Nicholls, the incident ended without further developments.

The doctor, a little later, rather pointedly told me about a dog and a half crown, and added that he had never heard of Mrs. J. Cholmondely Taylor.

"Not the Cholmondely Taylors of Shropshire? That argues yourself unknown," I said. Then T. P. remarked that he had never heard me mention the family, and began taking such a lively interest in them I thought it safer to change the subject.

This escapade apparently awakened Coaxey's conscience. Perhaps he deprecated pragmatism; at any rate, ever after his offenses were minor ones. Although he remained a gay dog, full of the joy of life, until sorrows crowded fast upon me. My griefs were his, and his brave, loyal heart became as heavy as it had once been light.

My beloved home in Chelsea, where he had spent his puppyhood and his engaging hobble-de-hoyhood, was unexpectedly sold. He and I were together for a time afterward, but, with his keen instinct, he felt his missy's loneliness and sadness, and knew that a separation was near.

He often wanted to say his prayers, and I

would tell him not to ask for bones or cake, but to beg for a miracle to bring us back our lost happiness.

It never came, and I began to wander on the face of the earth, trying to escape from memory —the Lord of Hell—and Coaxey went to a friend in the country, who, loving and understanding dogs, offered him hospitality and promised my dear comedian the two things he had so desired in his ebullient youth—boys and horses. His host was the father of two little lads, and there was a stable of fine horses. One spirited young mare encouraged him to exercise, and he became quite lithe and fleet of foot again, but not daring or full of jokes like the old debonair Coaxey.

He was staid, and his eyes, never drawn into mischievous slits with wrinkles at the corners, were wide, bright and filled with steadfast grief. I think Max, who was so wise and courageous and finely enduring, could have borne sorrow better than this bright spirit. He wanted so much to be happy and gay, and he wanted his missy to be happy and gay with him. They had spent too many years together to be separated in the end. At first his friends tried to cheer him with, "Where's Missy?" and "Go find Missy!" but he who knew so well that she was thou-

sands of miles away, made no effort to find her. His eyes would fill with tears, and he would slip from the house and hide himself in the stable all the rest of the day.

A great friendship existed between the little mare, Sheila, and Coaxey, and he liked to follow the boys on their ponies. He was cheerful, Rose wrote me, in spite of the abiding grief in his eyes, and he still dearly loved a game of ball. I kept him supplied in balls, paid his license, and never gave him legally to his adopted family—that would have been too keen a pain.

It was always: "Of course when I have a home Coaxey will come back to me." He was extraordinarily healthy, and lived to be sixteen. I was in South Carolina when he died. The news reached me through my dear confidante, secretary, housekeeper and friend, Rose. She wrote: "Coaxey had been gradually failing through the winter, nodding much of his time away by the fire, and disinclined for exercise and food until finally he drank only a little milk.

"One evening, after a long sleep interrupted by dreams, he feebly raised his head, as though listening, and his dull eyes grew bright when he looked toward the door, waiting to see it open.

"Your name had not been mentioned to him

in months, but I said involuntarily: 'Old man, I wish Missy was here!'

"He gave a long sigh, fell over on his side, and, when I put my hand on his heart, it had ceased to beat.

"Not only his adopted family, but all the neighbors loved him. He had grown affectionate and appealing in his old age, and was quite different from the wild, reckless Coaxey of his youth. I have kept the red collar for you that Miss Bee brought him from Paris. He always wore it on Sundays, and he was buried on that day. Don't grieve too much, dear madam, though there never was a fox terrier like him.

"Your faithful

"Rose."

It was not necessary to deceive myself any longer with "When I have a home again, and Coaxey comes back to me." He would never come back, and the home was a receding vision.

Luckily Bee was with me, she a true lover of dogs, and a life-long friend of Coaxey's, would understand my grief and my tears, and, sure of sympathy, I read her the letter.

When I finished there was silence. Bee was remembering the time of his puppyhood, when,

ill with distemper, she sat all day with her kind hand in his basket.

"Wasn't he proud," I said, "when you brought him the latest Paris fashion in collars? In exuberant joy he nipped two people that day."

Bee smiled. "Coaxey had a unique personality," she said. "He was a most original character, and will live in the memory of his friends."

And in the unforgetting heart of his poor, sad, lonely Missy. Oh, Bee! what dog was ever so gay and daring and fearless, so breezy and happy, so impudent and coaxing, so full of diverting humor, and quips and quirks, as my saucy comedian, Coaxey O'Connor?

THE END

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